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ASTRÆA,

OR,

True Love's Myrrour.

A

PASTORAL.

Composed

BY

LEONARD WILLAN,

GENT.

Pace floret Amor,
Humilitate Innocentia.

LONDON,

Printed by *R. White*, for *Henry Cripps*, and *Lodowick Lloyd*, and are to be sold at their Shop in Popes-Head-Alley. 1651.

TO

The Illuſtrious Princeſs,

MARY

Dutcheſs of Richmond *and* Lennox.

Madam,

THis figurative *Star* preſented to your view (no ſooner formed generally diſtinguiſhable to our *Horiſon*) becoming ſuddenly obſcured by the *Eclipſes* of thoſe greater Lights, from whom eſſentially it ſhould have had both Influence and Luſtre, hath mov'd concealed many years, till now by the Reflection of your affinitive eminence

in Vertue and Beauty; It hath preſumed to aſſume a Being more communicable. Reject not, *Madam*, the Acceſs hereof, becauſe tranſacted to your hand by ſo deſpicable an Introducer. It ſoly is your Property, not only by the advantage of Worth (in civil rights of Honour and Reſpect) your Preſent: but by the advantage of Similitude (in rule of Dialect) your proper Attribute. The pretended perfection of *Aſtræa*'s Vertue and Beauty intitled her to a celeſtial Figure: the eſſential Graces whereof in you, ſhall really tranſlate you to ſo tranſcendent a Glory, that thoſe refulgent Lights are thereof but imperfect Shadows. Thoſe Objects of true Love figured in her ſo happily to encounter as perfect a ſubject, to receive their Impreſsions, and mutually communicate the like effects to the forming of one myſterious Union: are viſibly expreſt in the admired, raviſhing, and harmonious agreement of

of your *Hymeneal* Amitie. *Aſtræa* is figured to diſcend from noble *Progeny*, who to avoid the Military Fury of debording Multitudes (which paſsing frequently through *Gaule*, deſcended like an irreſiſtible Torrent on the *Roman* Empire) were conſtrained to betake them to the humble Sanctuary of a *Paſtorical* condition: This Circumſtance will meet no trivial *Analogie* in the Eminence of your Extraction, and Conſequence of your preſent Rural Retreat: So that (with permiſsion) may evidently be concluded, that in reference to your Natural perfections, Civil Tranſactions, or Accidental Occurrence, *Aſtræa* may (in equity) preſume to be either your *Type*, *Parallel*, or *Character*. Diſdain not, *Madam*, *her* Reſemblance, in reſpect of the Humility figured in *her* condition; ſince 'tis the perfect'ſt, and moſt proper Note of *her* Nobility: which (where divided) ſhew the Original of ſuch oſtentive

Attributes (with what glorious Titles soever illustrated) had but a reproachful Acquisition. And although your vertues need no other Monument but their own perfection to constitute their Memory eternal: yet since Fortune is the chiefest Agitator in humane Occurrences, whose Power is still exercis'd in opposition of such eminent Faculties, your Counterfeit (in *Astræa*) may happily outlast your marble Epitaph or Figure: If so, It soly is the Crown and Glory of his Enterprise, whose vanity can aspire to no higher Honour, then to survive the Malice of his Fate in his unworthy Ministry to your Fame, under the Title of

Your Graces

Humble Servant

LEO: WILLAN.

Persons Represented.

Adamas, *a Priest.*
Lindamor, *Lover to* Galatæa, *a Noble man.*
Ligdamon, *a Noble man, Lover to* Sylva.
Paris, *alias* Ergaste, *supposed son to* Adamas, *but son to* Bellinda.
Celadon, *a Shepherd, Lover to* Astræa.
Sylvander, *a Shepherd, Lover to* Diana.
Lycidas, *a Shepherd, Lover to* Phillis, *brother to* Celadon.
Tyrsis, *a Shepherd, who laments the loss of* Cleon.
Hylas, *a Shepherd, an inconstant Lover.*

Bellinda, *Mother to* Diana.
Galatæa, *Princess of the Country.*
Leonida, *one of her Nymphs, Niece to* Adamas.
Sylva, *one of* Galatæa's *Nymphs.*
Astræa, Diana, Phillis } *Shepherdesses.*
Leonice, *a Shepherdess, in Love with* Tyrsis.
Stella, *a Shepherdess, the last Mistris of* Hylas.

The Scene.

THe frontiſpiece is a wreath of freſh Foliage, much like the enterance into a cloſe Alley, the tops whereof interlac'd, repreſent the perfect figure of an Arch; at whoſe interſection is a kind of knot, whereon is enſcribed in letters of gold, *FOREST*: over which two little *Cupidons* by either hand ſupport a Garland little diſtant from the ſame. At either foot hereof is plac'd on little pediſtals the figure of a Shepherd and Shepherdeſs; the one in a pretty poſture, merrily playing on a Flute, the other very intentively ordring her ſcatter'd flowrs in form of a Garland. To which ſucceeds, in proſpective order, cloſe united Trees, which by degrees o'retop each other, the former not much exceeding the height of a man, through which the ſight is conveyed to a very fair Palace; at foot whereof runneth a winding ſtream; the Canopy of the whole a Serene Skie.

The

THe Scene being a pretty while discovered, appears at far end thereof a Shepherdess, with a little Dog parried in Ribbons of several colours; when sodainly, privately within, are heard sundry voices, one answering the other, till each have sung his part: at the end whereof all joyn their voices; each voice is so ordered as may seem far distant from the Auditors, and a like distant from each other.

SONG.

SONG.

Sung by a Mean.

When Days bright Star appears,
Th' ayrie Choriſters fill our Ears
With cheerful Melodie.

Our earthly Star, ſay, ſay,
Like Tribute, now, ſhall we not pay,
In our beſt Harmony.

A Treble anſwers.

Yes, yes, alas we priſe
But to behold her beauteous Eys,
Aurora's *leſſer Light.*

See, ſee, how envious Shame
With bluſhie Guilt her Cheeks doth ſtain,
To ſee our Star more bright.

A Baſe anſwers.

Shepherds, your Flocks unfold;
Theſe glorious Beams you now behold,
Their Enemies diſarm.

Whoſe

Whoſe ſavage Rage with fear
Allaies yon Star i'th' upper Sphere,
This, with Love beauties Charme.

All. *Thoſe dreaming Shadows leave,*
Your Fancies which deceive;
Your ſtupid Souls awak,
If true Joys you'l partake.

Or

Or thus in Dialogue by a Treble and a Baſe.

SONG.

1. *WHat Star is that ſhoots through the Skie ?*
2. *Blind Shepherd, 'tis* Aſtræa's *Eye.* (*Aire!*
1. *How like approaching Day, ſhe clears the calm ſmiling*
2. *Yet where ſhe appears, threats clouds of dark diſpair;*
1. *Clear'd by pure Fire :*
2. *Or conſum'd by raſh Deſire.*
1. *A bleſt Death*
2. *By her Breath*
Our Souls ſo to expire.

Both. *Let's mix our Voices, each agree,*
Merrily yield her his Liberty.

1. *Un*

1. *Vnto her Altars Flowers bring,*
2. *There dwelleth everlasting Spring.*
1. *In Love's mysterious Orders, see, that they ranked be,*
2. *She may in them read our silent Elegie:*
1. *In Garlands woond,*
2. *Wherewith then our Summets crown'd,*
1. *We gladly*
2. *So may die*
Her Victims without wound.

Both. *Let's mix our Voices, all agree,*
Merrily yield her our Liberty.

Which ended, the Shepherdess avanceth to the Frontispiece of the Scene.

ERRATA.

PAge 4. line 6. read *now no time.* p. 32. l. 1. r. *Fate's.* p. 49. l. 5. r. *ſtill keeping.* p. 53. l. 7. r. *How Miſtris* l. p. 91. l. 25. r. *her Orb.* p. 93. l. 8. r. *be Reproach.* p. 93. l. 23. r. *yet know.* p. 99. l. 3. r. *on Bounties.* p. 100. l. 7. r. *doth ſpring.* p. 102. l. 3. r. *their Summons.* p. 102. l. 5. r. *not pretend* p. 103. l. 17. r. *laying waſte.* p. 111. l. 18. r. *did draw.*

Scene 1. *Act.* 1.

Astræa.

CEase Shepheards, ceaſe, your Praiſes flatt'ring bait
Deceives our Sex but through our ſelf Conceipt;
I am become diſtaſtful to my Sence;
You loſe your Purpoſe in a vain Pretence:
If otherwhile, I glori'd in your Fame,
'Twas but to fann my Lovers gentle Flame,
Which now's extinguiſht with a new Deſire,
Leaving my faln Hopes to their fun'rall fire.
You that in Princes Palaces reſide,
With wealth and honors to be dignifi'd,
Y'ave ſome Pretence, when with obſequ'ous Phraſe,
On weak Believers, you your Ends do raiſe:
On my abus'd Faith what can any gain,
Save from my Weakneſs, more reproachfull Stain?
A ſhamefull Conqueſt 'tis by wyle t'erect
A Trophy there, where Innocence blinds Suſpect.
You Gods! (not to capitulate your Will,
But it enlightened better to fulfill)
Say why, oh why did your firſt Law inſpire
Ev'n ſenſeleſs things with this myſter'ous Fire,
Which we call Love? Was't not in Peace to tie
Each diſagreeing part by Harmonie?
Each might by Nature's hid propenſi'on know
What it ſupports, what it doth overthrow:

Which else would (headlong rushing to their End)
The rafters of this well fram'd World distend.
How come's it then that Reason hath less pow'r?
What you gave to preserve, doth me devour;
It seems that Reason in this corrupt state,
Forsaking Nature, doth prevaricate.
But why him clad in Natures best array?
As if through finest Lawn you would display
Your purest Essences obvious to Sense,
Which to all Fancies, else, were too immense;
Since he so much degen'rates from their kind,
In so fair Form bearing so false a Mind.
As Mortals, you your best works do not use
Our facile Faiths the sooner to abuse;
Rather thus much this seems to intimate,
Ingratefull Man all Ties will violate.
Come my *Melampo!* Gratefull more art thou,
Who only Natures motives dost allow.

She lying on the Bank, which is raised with a little hollow to present a Rivulet, calls her Dog to her.

Celadon.

With equall rev'rence, as the swarthy Lay
Bow's to the early messenger of day,
I offer at thy shrine a purer Flame
Then his, to whom they Homage for the same.
You Gods allow't, since in her milder Eye
Y'ave rais'd a Throne more fit your Deitie.
Why shrowd's those beams, like to a sullen Morn,
When, with contracted Clouds, she threats a Storm?

Astræa.

She rises. Thy fain'd Ignorance doth thy self accuse,
Whilst with thy Craft thou wouldst me twice abuse;
Could else thy Souls so oft vow'd Unity,
Cease to inform thee by Loves Sympathie?
But since th'estrang'd Thoughts have that Vertue spilt,
Look in thine Heart, and learn it of thy Guilt.

Celadon

Celadon.

If yet to try my never fading Love
This Anger thou put'ſt on; invent and prove.
If thou would'ſt have me die, my Sentence give,
And I ſhall think it ev'n a Crime to live.

Aſtræa.

Whereas the Truth ſo plainly doth appear,
We need no farther Proofs our doubts to clear;
For Puniſhment, no pow'r is in my Breath,
Thy Life will make it greater, then thy Death.

Celadon.

Thy Cruelty ſpeaks truth in that! yet ſtay, *She ſeems to flie from him, who holds her, and kneels.*
My Life, my Death, give ear what I ſhall ſay;
For unknown Crimes no pardon I pretend;
'Tis guilt unpardonable, thee but t'offend.
Severeſt Ex'cution do not defer,
Sure I deſerv't, for ſure thou canſt not err.

Aſtræa.

Unskilfull is that Pilot, 'gainſt one ſhelf,
And by th'ſame ſtorm, haps twice to looſe himſelf.
Diſloyall wretch (till bid) no more come nigh *She forces her ſelf from him.*
The vaſteſt compaſs of my mournful eye.

Celadon.

Stay, ſtay, ſhee's gone; and all of her me left,
Is this poor Riband, her Force made my Theft; *He kiſſes it*
Sacred Relique of my departed Saint,
Be not offended with my juſt Conſtraint.
But in my all, of all forſaken death,
Witneſs to whoſe lov'd will I yield my breath.
Let no rude hand from this part ere thee force, *He ties it to his arm.*
But be thou ſtill the Orn'ment of my Courſe,

He casts himself into a little descending place representing a River.

And if the curious World do seek to know
How, or for what, I dy'd, do thou it show.

Astræa.

Astræa being retir'd to hearken what he would say, comes back with jealousie to see what was become of him.

My jealous fear thus hasteth my return,
The more I seem to quench, the more I burn:
I was too harsh! to hear him I denide:
Let's haste to help, 'tis now time to chide.

She seeing him fall into the River, falls upon the bank thereof, and so rowls into the same place where he fell.

Lycidas, Phillis *encounter.*

Lycidas.

WHat wanton God pursues thy flying Fear,
Making more Beauties, then thou wouldst, appear?
Let these mine arms thy Sanctuary be;
No violence here but what proceeds from thee.

Phillis.

Hastily and in some distraction.

Licidas, well met, let's haste; from yonder wall
I saw a Shepheard in the River fall.

Lycidas.

Whereabouts was't? observ'd you well?

Phillis.

Here, here,
The sad Object of my ill-boding Fear.

They lift her up, who seems to come to her senses.

Astræa! oh, my dear companion! speak;
Or to associate Thine, my Heart shall break.

Astræa.

Why doth untimely Charity affright
My resting Soul with horror of the light?

Na;

Natures decree enjoyneth but one Death;
Why force you me ſurrender twice my breath?
Lycidas! thy brother from the proud Stream ſave,
Or theſe ſad Floulds yield me a ſecond Grave. *She ſeems to weep.*

Phillis.

Courage, my dear Companion; kinder Fate,
In this your ſafeguard, ſeems to ceaſe his hate.

Scene 2. *Act* 1.

After ſome intermiſſion, three Nymphs appear on the Scene, their heads crown'd with garlands; The ſleeves of their garments turn'd up above the elbow, from whence fals a fine tranſparent lawn plated and frows'd towards the hand; whereto with bracelets of pearl they ſeem faſtned: With gilt Quivers by their ſides; And each an ivory bow in her hand; the lower part of the garment turn'd up on their hips; Which diſcovers their gilt buskins to the mid-leg.

Galatea, Leonida, Sylva.

Leonida.

THis ſure's the place; ſee how th'impetuous Brook
Seems that outlying Bank to over-look;
Then turning ſwiftly in his am'rous Chaſe,
Doth ev'n with claſped arms the Shelf embrace.
Conſider well, that little tuft of Trees,
How well toth' glaſſes Figure it agrees.

Galatea.

Yet is this unfrequented place, in ſenſe,
Unlike to ſatisfie our chief Pretence.

Sylva.

'Tis not without appearance; for no Tree
The glaſs did repreſent, we here not ſee.

Galatea.

Well, ſince this ſeems moſt likely to the place,
Let's, for the iſſue, here attend a ſpace.

Sylva.

Pointing with her hand, diſcovers Ceadon in the River.

See! how that ſhepheard hangeth o're the deep;
As rekeleſs of his life, he ſeems aſleep:

Galatea.

Peace, *Sylva* peace, diſturb him not awhile,
We will his pretty Secrets him beguile.

Leonida.

His hanging limbs float on each beating wave;
What you his Bed think, I believe his Grave;
They haſte and take him up.
Madam, 'tis guilt this doubt not to decide,
Slow Charity may prove an Homicide.

Galatea.

Shee ſeems ſtruck with love.

Wonder of Nature! hath Death took this ſhape
To make of mortals a more facile Rape?
Cupids unbanded Beauties being diſplaid,
Compar'd to this dead Figures ſeem to fade.
Or could theſe Graces in their Sphears but move,
They'd force again from heav'n the Queen of Love,
And make the horned Goddeſs of the Night
Forſake her Orb; here ſhe might place her light.

Bow

Bow gently his fair Corps; comes yet no heat?
Me thinks I feel his panting heart to beat.
You Gods, by whoſe appointment here I ſtand
To take that Bliſs you promiſ'd to my hand,
Afford him breath with mutual Flames to burn,
Or elſe incloſe our aſhes in one Urn.

She laies her hand on his breaſt.

Sylva.

Madam, he breaths?

Leonida.

Some fitter place muſt give
A ſecond ſuccor, 'ere he ſeem to live.

Galatea.

Bear him to Coach! his welfare is my own;
Or live, or die, our beings are but one.

Scene 3. *Act.* 1.

Lycidas *encounters* Aſtræa and Phillis.

Lycidas.

HIs Bodie's loſt, him churliſh Fate denies
Ev'n pious Rites of mournful Obſequies;
This ſlender Monument is all it gives,
In whoſe deſpite, yet in all hearts he lives.
How? *Aſtræa!* Can you reſtrain a Teat
For him, to whom, then Life, you were more dear?
Though his ſo faithful Love you have forgot,
Yet on Humanity lay not ſuch a ſpot:
Thus unbewail'd of thee liv'd he again
But to behold, he ſurely twice were ſlain.

Celadons hat he holds in his hand; he flings it on the Scene with a little aſtoniſhment.

Astræa.

Gentle shepheard! thy brother truly had
Parts considerable might afflict the bad.
'Tis not his Love, his Death can make me mourn;
That Loss is light, where many Shares are born.

Lycidas.

For Charities sake disquiet not the Dead,
By unknown Ils, thus heaping on his head.
The world thy jealousie will much deride,
If thou but think, his heart he could divide,
His parents Threats, Inemnity of blood,
His purer Fire ever hath withstood.
Those unsought conquests, which his Beauty made,
His jealous Love to cherish was afraid:
Nay, I believe the less-priz'd-Deity
Thus punisht his Idolatry of thee.

Astræa.

It is no new thing Shepheard, what I say,
Whereto each eye was witness ev'ry day;
VVhich, undiscover'd, often heard I have,
VVhile to *Aminta* his vow'd Love he gave.

Lycidas.

Just heav'n, you have disclos'd I plainly see,
The guilty author of this Tragedie.
Celadon, of Love, and Courage had too much,
To live, and hear, that Tongue this Theame but touch:
For his Obedience he is justly paid,
His greatest Crime was that he thee obey'd:
How oft on bended knees hath he besought
Thee to revoke this burthen from his Thought,
And to impose on him a milder Death,
Then fan a loathed Flame with fained breath?

Thou

Thou answer'd'st, no, thou shall perform this Wyle,
Our hostil Parents that we may beguile;
And those respects of Love that I you see
Tender to her, Ile take as done to me.
Take this, not thy unstable doubts to clear, He flings her a Letter.
But that thy Guilt more Horror yet might wear,
If more thou seek'st; that Cypress tender Ryne,
More sensible then thou, more speaks thy Crime.
May'st thou, what Punishment guilt e're hath try'd,
Sue for, as Mercy, and be it deny'd.
VVhile thy remorseful Soul by civil Jar,
Setteth thy Self against thy Self at war. Lyci. Exit.

Astræa.

How wild a Sea chafes my unstable Mind!
VVhat I must seek, were even hell to find.
If just, I'm clear; if unjust be my Hate,
Each day a Death my Crime shall expiate.
These Lights are stop'd with issue of my Tears;
Whilst I unlade Them, unlade thou my Fears.

Phillis. She gives her the Letter.

VVould heav'n I could so soon bring to thee Rest.
'Tis *Celadons* writing; be not so oppress't.

LETTER.

ENquire no longer the actions of my life, in asking me what I do; know, still I continue in my wonted pain, to love, yet not dare to shew the same. Not love, yet vow the contrary. Dear brother, this is all the exercise, or rather punishment of thy Celadon. Men say two contraries cannot be in one and the same place at one and the same time; Nevertheless, true love, and fained, are the frequent actions of my life; Wonder not thereat; for I am forced to one by the perfection, to the other, by the command of my Astræa: If this seem strange to thee, remember that Mira- She reads the Letter.

Miracles are the ordinary works of Divinitie; And What can we less expect from my Deity!

Astræa.

Speaking to her self somewhat mov'd.

Art thou so hardned with the use of Ill,
As to withstand this Guilt, and not distill
Into a Sea? while thy unbounded Course
The narrow banks of guiltless *Lignon* force,
And from him, with his Channel, take his Name,
Lest after Ages, him, for thee should blame.

Here she turns to the Cypres tree, where Licidas had told her she should find more concern'd that subject.

And thou, sad subject of *Apollo's* verse,
Who mak'st ev'n sorrow lovely on each Herse,
Still fresh in mourning, as thou didst request,
When thy rash Hand had rob'd thee of thy Rest,
Thou more innocent Embleme of my Fate,
Denounce, if more thou know'st, t'inlarge Self-hate.

Phillis.

She seems to look on the trunk of the tree. She seems to read them.

These Characters are fresh; the same subject,
And the same Hand, did sure the same direct.
Why tyrant Love constrain'st me to a Fact
Against those Laws thou dost thy self enact,
Forcing those Rites are onely due to thee,
Be tender'd to a strangers Deity?
Be more Just to thy Self, to me less Cruel,
And take my Life for thy displeasures fuel.

Astræa.

Each senseless thing upbraid's me my Offence,
Whil'st my own Guilt yields them Intelligence;
She takes the hat up. Thou unsuspected messenger of Love,
VVhich to and fro in harmless Sports be'ng drove
She looking in the hat, betwixt the linings discovers a Letter, with a little astonishment. Into each others hands, conveyd'st our Lines,
Yet standers by partook not our Designs;
Did'st thou so little of thy Master know,
That to revenge his Death, thou'st naught to show?

LETTER.

LETTER.

FAir Astræa, *if the Dissimulation which you enjoyn be to kill me, you may more easily effect the same by one Word from your mouth; If it be to punish my Presumption, you are too just a Judge to inflict less punishment then Death. If it be to trie the Power you have over me, why make you not choice of a more sudden Experiment then this, whose length can be but wearisome to you. I cannot believe 'tis to conceal our Amity, as you pretend; Since not being able long to live in so much Constraint, my Death will, without doubt, give too sudden and deplorable Testimony thereof: Believe it, fair* Astræa, *what I have suffered is enough; 'tis now time you suffer me to act the personage of* Celadon; *having so long, and with so much pain, represented One that of all those in the world is most contrary to him.*

Astræa.

Thou nought canst add, I was so full before,
Thou shalt again exhausted Grief restore,
Whilst restless I Lifes weary minutes tell,
In Swan-like plaints sounding my Funeral knell.

Phillis.

Sorrows first shock to no Advice will yield; (shield.
Who struggle with't, wound, what they thought to

To her self; then takes her by the hand, who seems to rest on her.

Scene 4.

Scene 4. Act 1.

Celadon, Leonida, Sylva.

Celadon.

NAture and Art seem marri'd here to be,
VVhere each agreeing part's a Harmonie;
To himself. Yet is't to me, like Horror of the Night
To the Guilty; Banish't *Astrea*'s Sight,
To them again. It seems design'd an amorous Abode,
To shrowd the pleasures of some rural God.
VVhat place is that, whose close compacted shade,
Phœbus in highest pride can scarce invade?

Leonida.

Gentle Shepheard, i'th' thickest of that Grove
Is plac'd the fountain of the Truth of Love,
VVherein each Lover may their loved see;
And if by them any then loved be,
Their Forms seem coupled; But as then, if None,
The single Figure doth appear alone.
It was erected by the famous Skill
Of a Magitian, Jealousie to kill.

Celadon.

I've heard the fame thereof; being so nigh,
Are we not licenc'd the vertue to trie?

Leonida.

No gentle Swain, this fair Nymphs cruelty
On incenst Love forbids that Liberty.

Celadon.

Celadon.

As how I pray?

Leonida.

That I ſhall ſtrait relate. Pointing to Sylva.

Nay frown not *Sylva*, now it is too late.
This Nymph, whoſe Beauty, Worth and Grace,
In all their hearts, that ſee her, hold a place:
Amongſt the reſt, two noble Spirits riſe,
In Emulation, to make her their Prize:
In Natures gifts and Fortunes both were rich;
And their own vertues ſuch, as might bewitch
Any with Love, ſave *Sylva*'s equal eye;
Which bred 'twixt Rivals equal Amity;
Long had they both without Advantage ſtrove
Each of the Other, or of *Sylva*'s Love;
At length, with one aſſent they both agree,
To the beſt priz'd of her, her to leave free;
Which her impartial Grace could not decide;
They therefore to this Fountain them apply'd;
Wherein each gazing with a greedy eye,
VVho ſhould be honour'd with Preheminencie,
Found neither lov'd, her Figure ſtill Alone,
Together, and aſunder, them being ſhown:
At which, their Love gave place unto their Ire;
VVith Magitians they ſecretly conſpire,
This to make void; which not allow'd to Art,
They to fell Lions do the Guard impart,
By art confin'd; nor can this Charm untie
Till the two perfect'ſt Lovers for it die:

Celadon.

Sorrow attends my wonder!

Sylva.

Sylva.

Me the blame,
VVhile this home-friend ſeeks to extend my ſhame.

Galatea.

She imbraceth Caledon. He ſeems to faint; they ſupport him.

My better ſelf, I've been too long away,
Each Minute ſpent from thee, is a loſt Day,
How fares my Life? ſome grief doth thee oppreſs,
I fear it is thy Fevors Re-acceſs.

Celadon.

Th'are welcome Summons; ſuch I would not flie.

Galatea.

Render not fruitleſs ſo our Charity.

Leonida.

Madam, this Shepheards ſafety doth depend
On ſome skil'd hand may give his griefs an end.

Galatea.

Thee to believe my Fear doth me invite,
But m'Honor's ſtain'd, he being expos'd to ſight.

Leonida.

Madam, to me 'tis dearer then mine own,
As by my careful ſervice ſhall be ſhown.
My Uncles Skil, his Faith, and Love to you
(I know) your Grace miſdoubts not to be true.
He's your Creature, whoſe Prudence will conceal,
And further your intents as his own weal.
I'le thither haſte with ſpeed, if ſo you pleaſe,
That his preſence your Griefs, in his, may eaſe.

Galatea

Galatea.

Th'advice is good; yet him my Love not ſhow,
Haſte, *Leonida*; Fear ſaies thou art too ſlow.

Exeunt All but Leonida.

Leonida.

I will not tax thee for unequal Flames,
Titles are but Policies empty Names,
VVhilſt Love, like Death, caſteth thoſe Scepters by,
And gives all Natures works Equality.
Had not the ſame Object, with equal Fire
Inflam'd my Soul, I'd cheriſh'd thy deſire:
VVhich in pretence of duty to the State,
My jealous Love by Craft muſt violate.

To her ſelf.

Scene 1.

Scene 1. Act 2.

Phillis, Diana, Astræa.

Phillis.

OUr discontinu'd Sports we must repaire, (snare,
Lest yielding Sorrows should our thoughts in-

Diana.

I saw some Company in yonder Plain;
Let's bend our Courses them to entertain.

Leonida.

Leonida appears: With a little stop, strook with a kind of wonder. To her self. My uncles absence gives me leave awhile,
In rural Sports my Passion to beguile;
As if a second Emulation drove
T'a new Trial each goddess from above!
Nature is but a Niggard in our Courts,
Prodigal here, beyond weak Fames reports;
To them. Your flourishing Graces have made me poor,
In my weak wishes to salute your store.

Phillis.

Fair Nymph, if any such in us you see,
'Tis from your Presence they imparted be.

Leonida.

Nay, fair One, to vie ('tis not my Pretence)
With such false Coyn, might cost your Innocence.

Leav

Leave that unto the self-deceiving Court,
I come to partake of your Love and Sport.

Diana.

Your honour'd Presence will their VVorths exter.
If your high rais'd Thoughts can so low descend,

Leonida.

Rather such humble Calmness will inure
To greater Thoughts, true Greatness to ensure.
VVhat Shepherd's that?

Sylvander appears on the Scene, walking as not heeding them.

Diana.

'Tis One in whom appears
Nothing that's rustick, but the Coat he wears,
Yet so insensible (I mean to Love)
That any's Conquest he disdains to prove.

Leonida.

Of whence?

Phillis.

That were impossible to show,
Since he himself the same ne're yet could know:
His Extraction he thinks hath been from hence,
Which makes him here to place his Residence.

Diana.

He sees us not; else his civil Aboard
Would of himself more knowledge you afford,

Phillis.

Fair Nymph, wilt please you him to entertain?

Leonida.

Your Character's too fair that to refrain.

Phillis.

He salutes them, but passeth by; she speaking to him turns back.

Is this the fashion of those greater Towns
Where you were bred, who us intitle Clowns,
Our Entertainments thus to interrupt,
And second it with a Depart abrupt?

Sylvander.

Since 'twas m' ill hap, such Error to commit,
The fault is less, not to continue it.

Diana.

'Twas rather that no Object here you saw,
You from your self thought worthy to withdraw;
Yet if on this fair Nymph your eyes you turn,
Y'are too insensible if you not burn.

Sylvander.

Fair Shepherdess, Loves sole attractive Ties
Are onely bred by equal Sympathies:
The Disproportion 'twixt her worth and mine,
May easily discharge me of that Crime.

Leonida.

VVhere's the Diff'rence? in Body or in Mind?
Y'ave equal Properties of both I find.

Sylvander.

Fair Nymph, of ev'ry thing the reall Prize,
Not from th' Appearance, but the use doth rise;
Else many Beasts 'fore Man we might commend,
In many Properties they him transcend.
Yet since They for Mans Use, Man for the Gods
Was made, in Dignity this gives Man th' odds.
The Gods which thus distinguish't have each thing,
Imparting worth as they design their Being,

Were

Were taxable, if equal Worth th'ordain
In you for Nymph, in me but for a Swain.

Leonida.

But why, these fair Ones then since as you say
Of like Condition, could not they you stay?

Sylvander.

The Lesser still gives place unto the Great.

Diana.

Disdainful Swain, so lightly us to treat.

Sylvander.

That is not such, which of her is a Part.

Diana.

We have enough to force a milder Heart.

Sylvander.

The principal you want that to fulfil.

Diana.

And what may that be?

Sylvander.

Fair One 'tis your will,

Phillis.

Which is so contrary to that Effect,
As ev'n *Sylvander's* is i'th' same respect.

To Sylvander.

Sylvander.

Fair *Astrea* I be you my Sanctuary,
To shield me from invading Treachery.

He seems to fly behind Astrea.

Diana.

Mine's the Outrage; whilſt me thus to protect,
She renders both my Cauſe and Force ſuſpect.

Sylvander.

Rather by th' laſt Stroke, ſeeing me o'rethrown,
Shee'd ſteal that Glory you had made your Own.

Phillis.

As though your VVorth were ſo conſid'rable,
To vanquiſh you were ſomewhat hon'rable:
But leaving Words, it by th'Effects let's prove,
What Shepherdeſs hath it engag'd to love?

Sylvander.

All thoſe to which it hath apply'd my Thought.

Phillis.

As you would ſay, you yet ne're any ſought,
Which ſhews your want of Courage or of Wit,
Seeing what's lovely, and not loving it.

Sylvander.

Or want of Will the ſame to undertake.

Phillis.

Such is the proud Pretence you ſeem to make.
To this Troop I appeal; what words can't clear,
Let Demonſtration make it to appear.

Leonida.

That is but juſt.

Diana.

To that we all agree.

Phillis.

Then fair *Diana* you the Judge ſhall be;
Injoyn him ſtrait ſome Shepherdeſs to ſerve,
On whoſe forc't Love he prove he doth deſerve.

Diana.

Love violence to ſuffer doth diſdain,
But what his Object ſweetly doth conſtrain;
Yet thus much I ordain, on One he trie,
With due Reſpect to gain an Amity.

Sylvander.

Though you paſs Judgement e're you hear me ſpeak,
I do aſſent; Nor this decree will break,
Provided ſuch ſhe be, you me deſign,
Have Worth and Knowledge to diſtinguiſh mine.

Phillis.

You ſeek Evaſion you in vain to free;
For ev'n *Diana*'s ſelf the ſame ſhall be;
She wanteth neither; none can it gain-ſay,
She hath Worth worth to judge, Worth worth to pay.

Diana ſeems averſe to that motion.

Leonida.

Nay fair One y'are ingag'd too far to flie.

Aſtraa.

'Tis the Nymphs requeſt, you muſt not deny.

Diana.

So that three Moons decreas'd he not preſume
(My judgement paſt) ſuch liberty t'aſſume.

Sylvander.

To which he vows, with Purity no leſs
Then ſacred Veſtals, when they do profeſs.
He kneels and kiſſes her hand. To you, fair Miſtris, one Plaint I prefer
For wrongs I ſuffer.

Diana.

Say what you'd infer.

Sylvander.

If 'cauſe my Worth 'gainſt one did it deſpiſe,
I vainly held, to Proof condemn'd ariſe;
Why ought not ſhe, who, then I, vainer far,
Suffer the like, being Author of this war?

Aſtræa.

So juſt a Sutor cannot be deny'de.

Leonida.

It pretty Muſick is, thus to divide.

Diana.

Say then what is't?

Sylvander.

That ſhe reſearch in Love
Some Swain, th'advantage of her Worth to prove.

Diana.

'Twere unreaſonable; Reaſon doth not tie
To make good ought with breach of Decency:
On ſome Shepherdeſs ſhe ſhall try the ſame.

Phillis.

Let it *Aſtræa* be.

Astræa.

That were your shame,
That you suspect your Merit 'twill be thought,
To choose Work to your hand already wrought.

Leonida.

This difference by one Judge should be decreed.

Astræa.

Diana, 'tis your second Charge.

Phillis. She kisses Diana.

Agreed.

Tyrsis, Leonice, Hylas.

A SONG.

They appear at far end of the Scene.

TH'all-conquering Archers, All's Birth and End
For Mastery
Their Force do try
Their Empires to extend. By Tyrsis.

Death, in my *Cleon*, Loves Force did defeat:
Love in my Heart,
By her Desert,
Frames yet a living Seat,

Where she still lives; nor was it she that dy'd;
Our mutual souls
Exchanging mouls,
'Tis I that death have try'd.

But thou, my *Cleon*, though thou scapd'st this
As thy Death me,
My Sorrow thee
Will quickly overthrow.

Leonida.

What Shepherd's that which Sings?

Sylvander.

'Tis one bewails
His Mistris Death, whom Love again assails
By th'Importunities of a new Desire,
Inviting him to quench his former Fire.

Leonida.

That Shepherdess you mean.

Sylvander.

Fair Nymph, the same;
You more shall know, when we them entertain.

A SONG.

By Hylas.

Fie, fie upon this whining Love,
Which Love's best flower fades;
Love should Delight, but no Grief prove:
Such Love weak Souls invades.

Each how'r a Beauty, as in May
You would a fragrant Rose,
Chuse, chuse; for wingy Times decay
Hastes e're It doth disclose.

Leonida.

Leonida.

This laſt it ſeems is of another Mind.

Sylvander.

Fair Nymph, the pleaſant'ſt that you e're ſhall find.
To all Objects he doth his Heart enure,
That who gives him the wound, may give the Cure.

Leonida.

He's no Deceiver that declares the ſame.

Sylvander.

He makes hi Glory what we think his Shame.

Hylas.

Should I, as you, each Miſtris Loſs lament,
Eternity not bound could griefs extent.

I'th' interim they come up to the face of the Scene.

Tyrſis.

Were you as I, you need lament but One.

Hylas.

Were you as I, you would lament for None.
Heartleſs Miſtris, will you not Courage take,
This Shepherds ſcornful uſage to forſake?

Leonice.

I grieve that thus my want of Pow'r is ſhown,
Not for your Conſid'ration, but my Own.

Hylas.

Well, ſince you are of the ſame Humor ſtill,
Though you command not yours, I do my VVill,
I take my Leave, or elſe will give it you,
My love grows Scale, I muſt exchange a New.

Holds out his hand.

Sylvan-

Sylvander.

To Tyrſis. Gentle Shepherd, the cauſe of your ſad Fate,
Our Countries cuſtome wils you to relate.

Tyrſis.

Kneels. Firſt unto Heav'n my thanks, and then to you;
What you deſire to hear, we both muſt ſue:
By you it is th'Oracle doth intend
To give our Diff'rence and our Sorrows end.

Sylvander.

How hap's e're now ſo much you me ne're told!
Y'ave ſeen me often.

Tyrſis.

He takes a little bille out of his Scrip and reads the Oracle. *Oracle.* Ev'en ſo Heav'n it would.
VVhere *Lignons* crooked Stream doth flow,
You ſhall a curious Shepherd ſee,
Who firſt ſhall ſeek your Griefs to know;
Him hear, for he your Judge ſhall be.
Hereof the Iſſue we have long deſir'd,
But you're the firſt that it of us requir'd.

Sylvander.

You muſt make vow t'obſerve what I decree.

Tyrſis.

As to the Gods.

Leonice.

We both to It agree.

Sylvander.

To Diana, and takes her by the hand. Fair miſtris, are you not diſpos'd to ſit?

Phillis.

Phillis.

Your honor to the Nymph you do forget.

Sylvander.

It should be so indeed in civil Tyes;
But Loves rights are prefer'd 'fore Ceremonies.

They sit all but Leonice, and Tyrsis.

Leonice.

Addressing her self, to Sylvander, who is more eminently seated then the rest.

Most worthy judge, I hope you'l condiscend
To mee, as Plaintiffe, first your ear to bend.

Sylvander.

It is your right:

Leonice.

Be pleased then to know,
Unto what Country we our Beeings owe.
Nigh that great City, which, as saies old Fame,
From the Goddesses Judge first took the Name,
Of one Cottage we are, and equal State;
Nature seem'd each for Other to create,
Till like a harsh Stepdame she did produce
A third, whose memory these Floods unsluce:

She seems to weep.

Whether with greater Endowments or less,
I do not know; yet Greater you may guess,
Since he thought so, whose thoughts alone give prise
To all Beauty, at leastwise in my Eyes:
He, as I him, pursues with eager Flames
My happier Rival; me and my Love disdaines.
She yeild's at length: for who could him resist
In Love? I'me sure my bonds I often kist
Neglected; here his cruelty not staid,
But with new slights he me the author made
Of my ruine; to cover, or provoke
Their exchang'd Fires; he stoopes to fained Yoke,

Makes

Makes me the Object, yet with her advice,
So cunningly; that, thriving his disguise,
As they intend, the worlds eye to divert,
He then on me the same craft would revert,
Though for unequal Purposes; for now,
Holding my facile Faith, with displeas'd brow;
He dislikes what he sought; The world, he saies,
Doth over clearly on our Freedomes gaze;
VVhich to prevent, though true, he seems to faign
Love unto *Cleon*, *Cleon* was her name:
And this his Craft yet better to disguise,
He me intreates her him to love advise;
But Juster heav'n, whil'st me he thus deceaves,
By *Cleons* Death; *Cleons* Love him bereaves.
Yet, as to wrong my Love, he did delight,
Fantastique Love he cherisheth with spight.
Justice, just Judge, for this Abuse, I crave;
She making reverence, retires. Yet but his Love I seek, or else my Grave.

Sylvander.

Gentle Shepherd, y'ave Liberty to speak.

Tyrsis.

With obeisance. More Gentle Judge, more words we need not break,
The Truth is said; The Truth we must avow;
Yet this Request vouchsafe us to allow;
That each, by lot an Advocate may have,
So he appointed who th' Oracle gave.

Sylvander.

Giving each a glove, they draw Lots. Ti's granted you; who takes his Own must plead.

Hylas.

Hylas.

Hylas for 'th living;

Phillis.

Phillis for the dead.

Hylas.

Hylas standeth forth and makes his obeysance.

Nature her self, whose true Rules cannot err,
Two invincible Arguments doth inferr
In this Different; and by a double Tye,
This our Cause grants, the others doth deny,
In this Shepherdess, both Beauty and Love:
The 'ffect of One the Gods themselves do prove,
Pigmalyon-like from the work of their hand:
The other is wise Natures firmest band,
VVherewith Sh'unites the world; whose purest Fire
(No other Incense) do the Gods require;
And shall weak Man then dare thus to reject,
VVhat Gods and Nature hallow with Respect?
Th' other Objection, that doth him deny
VVhat he affects, Is Contrariety,
Love's only Opposite his Enemie;
Can there twixt Life and Death be amitie?
Besides, Mans Piety should even dread
Thus to disturb the quiet of the Dead.
Just Judge, to you thus I my Reasons show,
My charge to clear; not, that you them not know.

He maketh obeysance, and retires.

Phillis.

Phillis with obeysance to the Judge stands forth.

That self same Nature, whose spotless Decree
You would wrest to your Purpose; she, ev'n she,

By

By equal pow'r of Beauty, and of Love,
Reignes in this ſhepherds heart; though yet above
To Hylas. Your Apprehenſion; or your Loves Pretence,
VVhich makes Love only th' Object of the Senſe.
But thou would'ſt have him them again to trie,
As though in Natures Laws were a diverſity.
No, Shepherd, no; Diſorder would orethrow
VVhat Nature Linkes, if ſhe proceeded ſo.
True Love, of two ſouls is the unity,
VVhich may without the Bodies Union be.
If this you grant (as who can truth deny?)
His Loves Object ſtill lives; Souls cannot dye:
But thou think'ſt, th'are disjoyn'd by heav'ns diſtance,
Know'ſt not her peircing nature, whoſe ſwift glance
Can paſs each Sphear in twinckling of an eye,
Nor can hers leſs, puts on Divinity;
Beſides, Love is an Act ſo freely born,
Ev'n our own VVills ſubjection it doth ſcorn.
How then can loath'd Importunity gain,
VVhat our conſpiring Selves cannot conſtrain.
Juſt judge, they do themſelves themſelves deny,
That ask of us Impoſſibility.

Sylvander.

The chiefeſt point wherein ye agitate,
With obeyſance the reſires. Is, if Loves Eſſence ſubject be to Fate,
Stands up. Periſhable or not; Love hath two objects,
The Body and the Soul; ſince both Effects
This Shepherd feeles; The Gods in me pronounce
The Body periſhable, ſuch Love he renounce;
But ſince Souls Love, as herſelf, cannot dye,
He that continue to Eternity;
And that this Shepherdeſs her Pretences ceaſe,
Your vowes obſerve, and ſanctifie your Peace.

Tyrſis

Tyrsis.

As heav'ns Edict !

Leonice.

VVhile my unruly Fire
Threatning Revenge exchangeth into Ire.

Scene. 2. *Act.* 2.

Paris, Adamas : *encounter* :

Paris.

IN your absence, *Leonida* hath been here, With reverence.
VVith such a haste as might beget a feare.

Adamas.

Pray heav'n the Nymph be well; where is she gone ?

Paris.

To yonder Plain she bent her course, alone,
As I suppose her self to recreate
In rural Pastimes innocent Debate,
Till your return;

Adamas.

Haste, it to let her know.
And in thy search, *Paris*, be not too slow ;—— Exit Paris.
I am in pain, till I the Subject hear Leonida appears : He imbraces her :
Of her arrive ; and scarce delay can bear ;
So unexpected ! how Fares the Nymph ?

Leonida.

Leonida.

Loſt
If by your happier hand that Sate's not croſt.

Adamas.

Be brief;

Leonida.

Oh ſir! I' ve ſcarcely had the time
To know my ſelf, ſince I diſcloſ'd a Crime
Scarce hatch'd, from the Authors own glorying tongue.
From which, perhaps, our Ruines might gave ſprung,
As in my way, daies heat did me invade,
I ſought the ſhelter of a milder ſhade;
Where being no ſooner laid, a voice I heard,
VVhich I well knew, though nought of him appear'd.
It was *Polemas*, *Lyndamors* Rival,
Their Love to *Galatea's* known to all.
Polemas guilty of his own Deſert,
His ſlighted Courtſhip did at length convert
To Stratagem; ſuch, ſuſpected of none,
Till now to me, unſeen, It was made known.
While *Clemanthe*, (his Inſtrument) declares
Him the proceſſion of their falſe affaires.
I bluſh to ſpeak it; It was in this wiſe;
In Hermits habit, he did him diſguiſe;
Nigh us, betakes him to a lonely Cell;
'Twere too tedious, each circumſtance to tell;
How (when the Nymph did thither oft repair,
As ſhe intends, to ſanctifie her praier.)
This Impoſtor did ſtrangely us beguile;
In ſum, as he could wiſh, ſo throve his wyle;
The Nymph with Faith he did poſſeſs, that ſhe
Should ſee that man, which ſhould her husband be,
If ſhe would happyneſs enjoy; if not,
Foretells, ſh' incurres a miſerable Lot.

The

The Place he did discover in a glass:
Appoin'ts the Time, and Person, *Polemas*,
Who should have us incounter'd there; But he
Failing his Time; our well-led Charity
Succurred an half drown'd Shepherd, in whom,
Galatea, prepossess'd, beleeves her Doom;
But the inamor'd Shepherd doth reject
Her Flames, seeming some other to respect:
Yet she 'gainst Honor, Reason, or his Hate,
Vowes to inthrone him in her Bed, and State.
Yet my commission bids not this declare;
Sir, he's fal'n sick; which threats a new despair;
Inwhose Succor I'me sent t'implore your aid;
Which cannot, but by miracle, be allaid;
Save him; or save him not; such is her Doom;
Her Honor, or her Self you must intombe.

Adamas.

Do not despair, these clowds I'le quickly clear.

Leonida.

Alas? my own love painteth thus my Fear! To herself.

Scene 1. Act 2.

Sylvander.

VIctorious Archer, whose self-pleasing Spoiles
Filleth my Bosome with these homebred broiles!
Accept thy Conquest: I do not resist;
But 'gainst a yeilding Heart no more insist:
Why represent'st thou still her glorious trayn
Of charming Graces to reinforce my Pain?

I 'fore thy ſhrine, like innocent victime ſtand;
To ſacrifice my ſelf with mine own hand.
Thus ſporting in thy Flame, like ſilly flie,
I ſinge my wings, and for that Folly die.
If this the ſacred Storehouſe of thine Arms
I have by ſtealth attempted, Mine own harms
Puniſh that Crime; while raſhly I aſpire,
Promethens Pain muſt follow my Deſire.
If for ſome Gods Abode this Structure's raiſ'd,
M' Impiety's puniſh't o're curiouſly t' ave gaz'd,
While this *Diana's* preſence I invade;
Unto my rav'nos thoughes I am betraid;
If, as her worth, thou ſeek'ſt t' inlarge Deſpaire,
I will, with thee, againſt my ſelf prepare
This ſecond Fael: Her too much worth implies,
That I muſt prove her double Sacrifice.
Yet, Love, thou art too covetous b' unjuſt force
All Duties to thy ſelf thus to ingroſs:
Forget not Natures rights, leſt hers orethrown,
Thou do'ſt thy ſelf deprive thee of thine Own.

He ſeems to lye him down to ſleep.

Leonida, Celadon.

Leonida.

Leonida and Celadon appear upon the Scene with a womans garment looſly caſt about him.

By this Diſguiſe from thoſe Bonds I thee free,
Which all, (neglecting all) court, Sov'raignty:
Nor wonder I, that thou do'ſt it deſpiſe,
Thou more Subject'ſt with thoſe commanding Eyes;
Yet fooliſh I, thus to obey thy will,
Steal thee from other; but my ſelf do kill:

Celadon.

Fair Nymph, do not that Beauty ſo debaſe,
To ſue, who ſhould be ſought to; nor deface
The image of that Love, I did diſcover;
I know you'd not accept a faithleſs Lover.

Leonida.

Leonida.

Well; since to other destin'd is that heart,
Gentle Swayn, vouchsafe me this to impart,
That in your mem'ry friendly place I have.

Celadon.

Worth'est of Friends, ev'n such unto my grave,
Else may Heav'ns heav'est Veng'ance me persue.
A thousand Thankes,

They imbrace. Exit Leonida.

Leonida,

A thousand times adue.

Celadon.

Alas! my flight my Prison but extend's,
Since with my life my Bondage only end's.
Can the World's vastest limits other be,
Forbad b' *Astrea Astrea* not to see.
Thus being depriv'd my Sun, Dayes cleerest light
Shall be to me but as the blackest Night.
I'le in this Desert seek some hollow Cave
Shall be to me a Mansion, and a Grave.
Asleep I if Griefe these lights have not ore'thrown,
Surely, me thinks this Shepherd I have known.
It is *Sylvander*, whose vet closed Lids,
His Sorrows swelling Ruptures not forbid's:
Alas, poor Friend I I have heard of the change
Thou hast made of thy Peace; nor think it strange,
Thy Heart hath still harbor'd noblest Desires:
And such Love thinketh fittest for his fires:
Yet may'st thou happier therein be then I,
VVhose only Love prove's only Misery.
Th' occasion's fair; I will it not debate,
I feel the hasty Summons of my Fate,

He spies Sylvander asleep.

Though *Celadon* b' exil'd *Astreas* sight,
Yet sure t' *Astræa Celadon* may write.
More happy paper! haste unto her hand,
Not to recall her over-harsh Command,
But to assure her, since such is her VVill,
Approaching Death her Sentence shall fulfill:
VVhile, unrepining, Hers I do depart,
Though ruder Fate hath rob'd me of her Heart.
If but one tear her cheek thou chance to lave,
I wish no other Monument to my Grave;
To thee, *Sylvander*, this office I commend,
Ev'n as the last any shall me befrend.

He puts his hand in his scrip, takes out pen and paper, and writes, and folds it up.

Puts it in his hand, and goes out.

Sylvander.

Ha! a letter! am I asleep, or wake?
If I still dream not, how came I this to take?

Wakens and rising discovers the letter: He reads it.

LETTER.

To the most lov'd and most fair Shepherdess of the universe, The most unfortunate, and most faithful of her Servants, Wisheth that weale, which Fortune him denies.

My extream Affection shall never consent to give the name of Pain or Punishment to what by your Command I suffer: Nor shall ever permit Complaint to come from that mouth was only destin'd for your Praise: But It may permit me to say, that the State wherein I am (which an Other would perhaps think insupportable) contenteth me; insomuch as I know, you will, and ordain It such. Be not scrupulous to extend yet farther (if possible) your commands; I shall still continue my Obedience, to the end that if my Life hath not been capable to assure my fidelity, my Death may.

'Tis doubtless I; the Demon guardes my Soul,
Reading my passion, doth it here inroule.

To

To the most fair; *Diana* must be she: Looks upon the letter.
And most belov'd; that, sure is meant of me.
Then she, n' other object such love can give:
Then I, n' other subject such love receive.
Thanks my good Geni'us; better skilld then I,
With their own figure dost my thoughts supply.

Scene. 4. *Act.* 2.

Leonice, Lycidas: *encounter;*

Leonice.

PRopitious Fate; as I could wish! 'tis he; To herself.
Now thrive my Vengeance by my subtlety.
Gentle Shepherd! saw you not pass this way To him.
A lonely Swain, seems from himself to stray?

Lycidas.

Fair Shepherdess, how should I know the same?

Leonice.

Tis One, doth his dead Mistris Loss complain;
I heard he in the Company should be
Of *Phillis*, and her Servant:

Lycidas.

who is he?

Leonice.

He's sensible I see;——Tis one they call
Silander or *Sylvander*, slender, and tall; To her self.

Lycidas.

By what judge you him her Servant to be?

Leonice.

By ſome ſeene freedomes of their Amity;
Which to my own Practice therein applyd,
That they are Lovers ſhould not be deny'd,

Lycidas.

To himſelf. She ſpeakes my feares; yet ſhe a ſtranger is
To them, or me, which confirmes true it is.

Leonice.

You ſaw none ſuch?

Lycidas.

Not any, paſs this way.

Leonice.

Good morrow Swaine.

Lycidas.

To you a better day.

Exit Leonice. What Perfection can Man in VVoman find,
That may arreſt the Levity of her Mind?

Phillis. Diana, Aſtræa,

Phillis.

She abourds Lycidas who Walks in a diſcontented poſture. She takes him by the arme. He flings from her, goes out and ſhe follows him. VVhy walkes my Shepheard with ſo ſad a cheare?

Lycidas.

As thou wer't innocent! ——away, forbear.

Diana.

VVhat ſuddain change is this?

Aſtræa.

Astræa.

His hate to me,
Since his brothers death.

Diana.

Or his Jealousie.
Our purer Fire bent to each others sex,
This churlish Inmate us can never vex.

she kisses her.

Astræa.

I must not so conclude; for even now
I feel those Flames, that you so disavow,

Diana.

As how?

Astræa.

I fear by that intended Tress,
Others then I more favour should possess.

Diana having a brace. let of hair in her hand.

Diana.

'Tis but for Wager; I am wholly Thine;
Come, thou shalt help the Residue to twine.

Smiling, Imbraces her. They sit down seeming to finish it.

Astræa.

You blame th' Effects, yet still the Means supply
To administer to that Jealousie.
If *Sylvander* see this his Rival wear,
Impossible 'twere this Passion to forbear.

Diana.

I think she sought it with the same Intent.

Astræa.

And as unjustly you her it assent.

Diana.

As how?

Astræa.

In this to make his Enemy
Triumph before determin'd Victory;
You are their Judge, and should with equal Eye,
As doth the Sun, reflect your Clemency.

Sylvander stealingly approacheth.

Diana.

She for this Favour made to me her suit.

And surprifeth them.

Astræa.

And you, like Fortune, must reject the mute.

Sylvander.

If nothing else remain, on bended knee
I shall for It devouteſt Suppli'ant be.

Knee's to Diana.

Astræa.

How, *Sylvander!* are you become so bold
T'intrude your Mistris privacies, t'unfold
Her secrets?

Sylvander.

Fair Shepherdeſs, th'are mine Own,
Which not of her learnt, are to my Self unknown.
But my rude Fate leads now but me to show
In m'Enemies Glory mine own overthrow.
Fair Mistris, if but your self to free
Fro'th' violence of Importunity,
You granted this: to greater Flames designe
Your equal Bounties; hers cannot equal mine.

Astrea.

Why so? one Object doth you both inflame;
Why follows not, th' Effects should be the same?

Sylvander.

Difference is not from th'Agents Quality,
But from the Patient's Incapacity;
So doth the equal Sun on either shine,
Corrupt the Dunghil, but enrich the Myne.

Astrea.

Then must her Love of yours th'Advantage gain,
Since hers produceth what yours can't obtain.

Sylvander.

Not by defect of Love, but unjust Fate,
Which 'gainst the worthiest still doth bend his hate.

Astrea.

You have a double Conquest still in me;
Your Enemy will your Intercessor be.
Shall *Phillis* Interest 'gainst us both prevail? To Diana.
My Share's but light if't cannot turn the Scale.

Diana.

You wrong my Love Competitor to take; To Astrea.
The expir'd terme must restitution make.

she flings Sylvander the bracelet.

Sylvander.

As for my Beeing such Gratitude I owe, To Phillis returning somewhat disturbed, he shews the bracelet.
I pay it you, since you it better so.
Where's now your boasting Ensignes of Desert?

Phillis.

The want thereof that doth on thee revert.

Sylvan-

Sylvander.

How mean you that?

Phillis.

To th' Ballance light in weight
Muſt ſtill be added a ſuperflu'ous Freight.

Sylvander.

So doth the Envi'ous miſerable blame
What his own fruitleſs Travel can't obtain.

Phillis.

To Diana and Aſtræa. It is to you my juſt Ire ſhould extend,
Who violate the rights of Judge and Friend.

Sylvander.

Fair Miſtris, prudent Love that reads our hearts,
Hath juſtly thus rewarded our Deſerts;
For now you ſee her Jealouſie doth prove,
That ſhe incapable is of true Love.

Phillis.

How ſo?

Sylvander.

Love ſtill is an active deſire,
Kindled by vertue of a ſecret Fire;
But Jealouſie (you know) a paſſive Fear,
Which always barren coldneſs Enſigns bear;
In one at once Contraries cannot be,
Nor *Phillis* feel both Love and Jealouſie.

Phillis.

The coldeſt Flint oft Fire doth unfold.

Sylvander.

Sylvander.

But yet the fire ne're produceth cold.

Phillis.

Ashes, which are, it doth.

Sylvander

So't may be sed,
Jealousie is sign of Love, but Love that's dead.

Diana.

As ancient Ruines signs of Buildings are;
Not that still Such they be, but such they were.

Phillis.

My Judge m' Adversary? my cause must fail,
When they should It protect, do it assail.

Sylvander lets fall a Letter.

Astrea.

No more of this Subject; for as I fear,
Phillis in this Case hath a Cause more near.

Phillis takes it up.

Phillis.

'Tis *Celadons*; how comes it to his hand?

Astrea.

His Mistris that of him may best command.

Diana.

Servant: whose Letters this? to whom addrest?

Sylvander.

With a little astonishment, misses the Letter.

That on my Heart your Beauties have expresst,
Confer'd with th' Inscription, 'To you which are
Of all the most Beloved and most Fair;
From your faithful, unhappy servant, me.

Diana.

Diana.

If ſo, this would your own hand-writing be.

Sylvander.

Finding a better Secretar'e then I,
With his Expreſſions I mine own ſupply;
Which muſt proceed from ſome Agent divine,
Since it to your Hand comes, as't came to mine.

Diana.

What riddle's this?

Sylvander.

Laſt night o're charg'd with thought,
In yonder Grove my Senſe aſleep was brought;
Waking, with wonder I was ſeis'd to find
So lively Characters of my dying Mind,
Which I intended to your Self; but ſee
My better Genius hath prevented me.

Diana.

Could you not, think you, guide us to that place?

Sylvander.

Takes her by the hand and leads her out. They follow

My beſt Endeavours ſhall that Hope imbrace.

Scene 1. Act. 3.

Leonida, Adamas.

Leonida.

IT was not far from hence I saw him last,
Whose scarce known Visage Grief had so o'recast,
As't had not left one Character to be
Decypher'd for another Misery.
So well delineated the angry Gods
To see in Criminals would let fall their Rods.
From yonder Stream oft he his Thirst allaid,
And what his Hands took forth, his Eyes repai'd.
Him hasting to aboard, his flying Fear
Avoided me, his Sorrows to endear.

Adamas.

The heav'ns will guide us, who do me ordain
To heal my Own, in curing of his Pain.
Their Oracle I late consulted have,
Who me, as readily, this Answer gave.

Oracle.

Seek that Shepherd, and him unite
To his Mistris in Hymens right;
So shall be ended his Annoy,
And thy Age crown'd with endless Joy.

Leonida.

Leonida.

I hear a voice, but the o're charged Bows
T'approach the same no passage us allows.

SONG.

The Scene is chang'd by the discovery of an Arbor, wherein Celadon sits, and sings.

DUll Jaylor of Mortality,
Why wilt thou not accept this thy right?
Wait'st not sometimes on charity?
Or art thou always armed with spight?
I am nothing but voice,
To cry, to cry, Night and Day to cry
Ah! Astræa, Astræa, Astræa!
If *Celadon* be dead to your Eye,
Raise him with a milder Ray.

Or do'st her Image Reverence bear?
Thou dar'st not strike my flaming Heart.
Eternal be my Pain, thy Fear;
For from't I ne're will consent to part,
Eccho like waste to voice,
To cry, to cry, &c.

Celadon.

He comes forth his Arbor.

Not onely Death, but each thing doth forsake
Their proper Nature, wretched me to make.

To himself.

That angry God, whose force I long have tri'd,
Against his Pow'r his Pow'r seems to divide.
Love doth It self, elsewhere, by Absence kill;
But ah! in Mine, Love doth but Love fulfil.
These unfrequented Shades, m'infernal cell,
With hollow whist'ling Winds my fun'ral knell,
Though Emblems of Horror, cease to affright,
And to augment my Grief, do it delight,

And

And thou fair Stream, Repriever of my Life,
Thy Nature bad thee then to end this Strife;
But thou denyd'st, foreseeing from mine Eyes,
T'inlarge thy flood a second Source should rise.

He discovers them and seems to flie. Takes hold of him.

Leonida.

Fly not, but from thy self, whose Cruelty
Hath thus betray'd our failing Charity;

Adamas.

Was it for this that thou didst me require,
Free thee from Others, 'gainst thy self conspire?
But thou t'obey thy Mistris seemest bent;
Not thee to lose, but try, was her Intent.
Improvidence 'twere that Triall t'undergo,
Wherewith we should the tried overthrow.

Celadon.

Not me to try, but 'cause I incurr'd her Hate,
She thus ordains me to this banish't State.

Adamas.

That act of hate, was but th'effect of Love,
Jealousie, which this Evidence doth remove;

Celadon.

Not her Sentence,

Adamas.

Thus observ'd, did she know,
A second Sentence would that overthrow.

Celadon.

She cannot err, nor other witness needs,
Save this my Heart which t'her immolish't bleeds.

Leonida.

Leonida.

Will you then Murder to her charge thus lay,
For so you must, if thus your self you slay.

Celadon.

No more then when before their Shrine doth fall
Th' innocent Lamb, the Gods we guilty call.

Leonida.

Those are their own, and they may them require.

Celadon.

So am I hers, to whom I now expire.

Adamas.

But you 'gainst Heav'ns will, can't your self dispose.

Celadon.

Such is Heav'ns will; those Beauties who disclose,
Printing thereon their visible Majesty,
Not disobey'd without Impiety.

Adamas.

Beauty, 'tis true, is of the Gods a Ray,
But not the Matter must the Form obey:
That were to change th' order of Providence,
Since the one gives the other's Excellence.
Perhaps you'l say 'tis th' Intellectu'l part
That holdeth this Predominance o're your Heart:
That neither must; for Forms Equality
Must not exact of Forms Sov'raignity.

Celadon.

But by the power of Love ours One became;
And what One wils, the other wils the same.

Adama

Adamas.

To himself.

I must seek to supplant by Craft, not Strength.
Unto this course of Life, of Time what length
Do you assign?

Celadon.

Alas! I must not chuse;
My souls Functions, who I them gave, must use.

Adamas.

Still seeking her Command, would you her see?

Celadon.

Extend not Hope t'impossibility.

Adamas.

The Gods by special order have decreed
You to my Charge, and if you be agreed,
I shall Means find t'effect what I do say.

Celadon.

I do assent, so I still her obey.

Adamas.

Name the same Words, which her Command'ment bear.

Celadon.

Till commanded 'fore her I not appear.

Adamas.

The Gods themselves do favor thy Content.
I have a Daughter for thy Safety lent,
Doth so resemble thee in Form, like clad,
Knowledge of Either scarcely can be had.

She by the custome of our Law's design'd
(From her Childhood) to live by vow confin'd;
Yet is dispensed the same to forego,
If slightest Sickness threat an Overthrow:
Great Ill't portends, if any there do dye;
She, Ile give out, is sick; while you supply
Her place, and Habit, t'entertain each day
Your fair Mistris, yet her not disobey.

Celadon.

How can that be? 'fore her I must appear.

Adamas.

As *Alexis*, not *Celadon* you were.

Celadon.

I submit to your Prudence.

Adamas.

Then retire,
And straight Ile send you disguising Attire.

Scene 2. Act 3.

Sylvander, Diana, Astræa, Phillis.

Sylvander.

Leads her by the hand. SAy fair Mistris, what Judgement may we prove
In your fair Thoughts on diff'rent of our Love?

Diana.

Phillis, methinkes, scarce counterfeiteth well;
The mast'rie's yours; you her in It excel.

Sylvan.

Sylvander.

It were Impiety so to prophane
Divine Beauty with inexpi'able staine.
It's true, at first, Love did lay down his Arms,
To Sport, not Fight, to shew th'force of your Charms
In this his facile Conquest; But ev'n now,
That I his purest Flames do feel, do vow
Ev'n by those your own sacred Beams, whose light
Hath found a way to Murder with Delight.

Diana.

'Tis better still to confirm what I say,
But better lose this Subject then our Way.
Have we yet far unto the place?

Sylvander.

Yon hill
Will our Journey, with your command fulfill.

Diana.

It seems impassible.

Sylvander.

Ile force a Way.

He makes as though he would go before.

Astraa.

And leave your Enemy here you to betray.

Sylvander.

Friendly warning; Fair Mistris her command
To this your Service that she joyn her hand.

Phillis.

Now you are guilty of the same Suspect,
Of which you sought me lately to detect.

Sylvander.

Not my Mistris, but Enemy 'tis I fear.

Phillis.

Therein your Jealousie of her is clear:
If you do not suspect your Mistris Love,
Why am I thus redoubtable It to prove?

Sylvander.

Not of her Love, but of your Treachery.

Phillis.

Y'are Jealous then of her Sufficiency;
For to your advantage you heard her say,
I had no skill the Counterfeit to play.

Sylvander.

On that belief doth your Advantage rise,
With greater ease, neglected, to surprize.

Phillis.

To Diana and Astræa. Exeunt Sil. and Phil.

I do assent to It, least at the length,
He say I him o'recome with Slight, not Strength.

Diana.

What doth this Shepherd to thy Thoughts appear?

Astræa.

Leonice stealingly listens behind them.

What you me ask ūnto your self is clear,
Ev'n so as Children in the Tapers flame
Sport with their finger till they burn the same.
But what think you? how do you this affect?

Diana.

Alas! my self I begin to suspect.

Astræa.

Astrea.

Blush not, dear Companion, Love's no Guilt;
If such it were, Beauty and Worth were spilt.

Leonice retires.

Leonice.

This was but wanting, full Revenge to take,
On which I will the sure Foundation make.

Sylvander, Hylas Phillis.

Retires. Hylas encounters them.

Sylvander.

Fair Mistris, the Passage now is free,
Something w'ave found worth Curiosity.

Hylas.

Now Mistris, leave that Shepherd; I suspect
That with his Venome he will thee infect;
His false Axiomes have buri'd one alive;
So will they thee, if thou with him survive.

To Phillis.

Sylvander.

What's he?

Hylas.

Tyrsis, who Mortals hath forsook,
And to his grave, his Cell, hath him betook,
In yonder Forrest, where with howling note,
As do his fellow Wolves, set's forth his throat;
A pretty effect of Love to court th'ayre,
And for what can't be had so to despaire.

Phillis.

Servant, I think, my pray'rs were but in vain,
Should I implore you not incur the same.

To Hylas.

Hylas.

Spare them good Miſtris, you may well ſuppoſe,
That my wiſe Love ſome End will ſtill propoſe.
To Sylvander. What End hath his? you that his cauſe maintain's.

Sylvander.

Love is a God, who himſelf entertains
Within himſelf; nor doth he ought require
Without himſelf to cheriſh his Deſire.
He is the Center of his own Being,
Whence his delight doth ever fall and ſpring,
As you may ſee in a well figur'd Sphere,
His End's beginning and end is ev'rywhere.

Hylas.

A pretty Myſt'ry! Love doth nought require
Forth his own ſelf; Love then is no Deſire,
Since no Deſire from what we have is known,

Sylvander.

But this Deſire, that makes of Two but One,
Which both the Lover and the Lov'd ſo chains,
That what's deſir'd It in It ſelf contains.

Hylas.

So, ſo, this proves my Grandames Saying true,
Of one Error another doth enſue.
If Lovers to their Lov'd we chang'd could ſee,
Then I not *Hylas*, but *Phillis* ſhould be.

Sylvander.

That follows not; for you do not her love;
But ſuch Effects I in *Diana* prove.

Hylas.

Hylas.

Is not your Hat become her Hood ? Looks on his hat.

Sylvander.

Oh fie,
You know 'tis not my Hat that love's, 'tis I.

Hylas.

A modeſt Sepherdeſs, and Breeches wear!
'Tis very ſtrange!

Sylvander.

Thus I theſe doubts will clear,
It is the Soul all Actions doth produce,
The Body but the inſtrument for her uſe;
So that 't being the Soul which only loves,
'Tis the Soul onely Transformation proves.

Hylas.

But ſince I love the Body with the Mind;
Why do not I now my ſelf *Phillis* find ?

Sylvander.

It is Equality, that Love begets;
The Body, Soul's inferior, it not admits;
The Soul onely the Soul can love; But ſee
A more plain Reaſon for this Unity:
The Underſtanding, Will, and Memory
Are ſaid the Soul in ev'ry Faculty.
Of only what we know, can Love remain,
The knowledge and thing known are but the ſame.
Like Transformation doth each Function prove,
Since they all joyn th' Affection but to move:
Will to the will'd, the Memory is brought
Into the thing whereon 't imploys the Thought:

If thus each Function, then must needs the Whole
Transmute it self into the loved Soul.

Hylas.

You fetch this far; yet this not much avails,
Since still the Bodies Transformation fails.

Sylvander.

Phillis Body of her's no part; for dead,
Not that 'tis, but was *Phillis*, 'twould be sed.

Hylas.

Unite me to her Body, take the Rest,
And see which of them both shall please us best.

Phillis.

They advance to the far side of the Theater.

You have too long withheld us; Night draws near.

Sylvander.

Hah! a Temple, whose Inscription doth bear;

From hence, far, far, avoid all ye
Are untouch't with Love's purity.
Within this sacred Grove each day
Burneth a true immolish't Heart,
Which liveth onely by loves Art
T'adore the Goddess *Astraa*.

Diana.

Is this the place y'intended us to lead?

Sylvander.

I ne're, before, on it did ever tread,
I have mistook that way.

Phillis.

May we draw nigh?

Syl

Sylvander.

Not without Rev'rence to this Deity.
Thou divne Pow'r, who herein worſhip't art,
Accept as thou requir'ſt ſo pure a Heart.

Make obeyſſance to the temple and goes in.

Hylas.

I do ſuſpect my own Love's purity,
He hath ſo oft told me the Contrary.

Phillis.

Why how now Servant! is your Love ſo weak,
It forceth you our Company to break?

They enter while Hylas lies down at the door.

Hylas.

It is an Argument of my Piety;
No jeſting, Miſtris, with a Deity.

Sylvander.

The table of Love's laws, which to imbrace
He doth command on penalty of Diſgrace.

He takes out a table and reads.

Who will a perfect Lover be,
Muſt what he loves, love inf'nitely:
Extremity gives Love the prize,
Mediocrity therein doth riſe
Rather from wav'ring Treachery,
Then from a firm Fidelity.

That he ne're love but in one place,
Which Love as 'a God let him imbrace,
That he adore It above all,
Nor thereof but one object ſhall;
That ev'ry Bliſs ſuch do pretend,
Still in, and for that ſubject End.

All

All Pleasure he in it confine,
And that he fix his chief design
Unto that service, which t'increase,
Self proper Love in him must cease;
Unless as lov'd of's loves Object,
Himself h'esteem for her Respect.

Hylas.

I do believe what thou hast read, is ta'ne
From whence 'twas hatch't, thy melancholy Brain;
Which thou venteſt as from this Diety,
To give thereto better Authority.

Sylvander.

That might well be, if none could read but I.

Hylas.

Confirm me with the sight thereof.

Sylvander.

Not I.

If your Body this holy place prophane,
Their holier Laws much more your Eyes will stain.

Phillis.

Hylas steals forth the table, where anon he alters them.

'Tis *Celadons* hand.

Diana.

And that Picture we see
Upon the Altar, should *Astraas* be.

Phillis.

Then 'tis an Argument h' is yet alive.

Astraa.

My dying Sorrow do not again revive.

Phillis.

Phillis.

This rather is a cauſe of Joy, then Grief.

Aſtræa.

If you make him alive in my Belief,
And prove it not; he is twice ſlain to me.

Sylvander.

Our Druy'ds do teach us this Divinity;
Thoſe Bodies on earth unburie'd remain,
Their Souls ſtill wander up and down the ſame;
Such may be his; whoſe body being drown'd,
Could not b' interr'd, 'cauſe it could not be found.
Yet in this Caſe, the Ceremonies will
Appeaſe his Ghoſt, if all rights we fullfill.

Aſtræa.

Which my ſad Piety ſhall undertake.

Diana.

A Druy'd there is hard by; lets thither make.

Hylas.

Miſtris! I ſee, here dwels ſome Diety;
I feel a ſcruple of m' Impiety
In Love; and would an unfaign'd Convert be,
If that the Tables Lawes I might but ſee.

Phillis.

Why you have heard them;

Hylas.

From an Enemy,
Againſt me fram'd of Contrariety. *Diana.*

Diana.

That is but just,

Sylvander.

Though unprofitable,
To fix a mind extreamly variable.

Hylas.

Wilt thou ingage thy self with me by vow,
What is therein to follow, and allow?

Sylvander.

I will dispense with yours: Love is my tye.

Hylas.

And what I find therein, such Ties will I,
If thou wilt perfect lover be:
What thou lov'st, love not infinitely.

Phillis brings the table to him, and he reads.

Sylvander.

Read right Shepherd:

Hylas.

Mistris; do you oresee.
Else he'l suspect, 'tis but my Trechery.
Med'ocrity, gives love the prise,
Extremity therin doth rise
Rather from a selse Treachery,
Then from a firme Fidelity:

Phillis overlookes him.

Sylvander.

Can it be so?

Phillis.

I'me sure, so I it find.

Sylvander.

Sylvander.

Then you must make me beleeve I was blind.

Hylas.

Mistrists! had I not Reason to suspect?
And you, Shepherd, to your vow have Respect.

Diana.

Here's that will end the Diff'rence; oh Deceit? Diana looking on the table finds the deceit.
Neither need fail; here each reads his Conceit;
Both what 'twas and is;

Sylvander.

It must repair'd be
With his own hand;

All. Exeunt.

To that we all agree.

A SONG.

THe purest love that ere adorn'd the Earth. Sung in the intermission.
Lies buri'ed in a wave.
Thus, what gave to his Beauteous Mother birth,
Gives him untimely Grave.

The Reason, We suppose, is palpable;
So purely burn't his Flame,
A Sea of floods was only capable,
To extinguish the same.

Rest gentle Ghost, to consummate thy Night;
And gentle Earth unto his Bones be light.
Farewell *Celadon*, *Celadon*, farewell;
Our Dolefull Notes thus ring thy funerall Knell;

Scena

Scene 3. Act 3.

Adamas, Alexis, Leonida.

Adamas.

Celadon in vestal habit. Leonida encounters them. To Leonida,

WHat Musick's that which so far off we hear?

Leonida.

My haste to you doth that Relation bear,
Astræa this your Guest believing dead,
Thus celebrates his Funeral in yon Mead.

Adamas.

'Tis better still to further our Intent;

Leonida.

VVhich finished, their Course is hither bent,
To visit this our fair disguised Druy'd.

Alexis.

M' approaching ruine!

Adamas.

Your Fancies still indu'd
With those vain shadowes! Where's *Paris*, my Son?
Cast off thy Fears; our Joyes are now begun:
Bid him to haste before, them to receive;

Leonida.

His Love hath discharg'd that Duty, believe.

Adamas.

Love! to whom?

Leonida.

* To Leonida: To Celadon. To Leonida.

Leonida.

T one, were not *Celadon* here;
I should say, she *Astræa's* equal were
In Beauty; ti's the fair *Diana:*

Adamas.

She!
He meets my wishes in that Amity;
Nor is't the meanes of a Stock so low
Shall me ingage not suffer it to grow;
These Shepherds which on *Lignon* seated be,
Are of th' Extraction of Nobility;
VVho from the world seeking a calme Repose
To shelter them, this humble Being chose.
But our Devotions to their Rites me call,
So let them know; and kindly welcome all.

Exit Adamas.

Leonida.

Comfort, fair Dry'd; what you now fear to see,
Should your wishes,

Alexis.

Rather my Ruine be;

Paris, Diana, Phillis, Stella Astræa,

Hylas, Sylvander.

Paris.

uch Joy this Place your presence doth afford,
s if descending Jove did it aboard:
ut for our Entertainment fain we would,
ike him, on you distil a shew'r of Gold;

Leading Diana by the hand, To her.

Diana.

Diana.

Gentle *Paris* ! your worth and Curteſie
Have in my thoughts far greater Efficacy.

Paris.

If Perfection of both extracted were,
In my eye, yet, too mean they would appear,
Did not Magnificence and Majeſty meet,
Like humble vaſſals, proſtrate at your feet.

They interrounce. *Leonida.*

Our haſty Loves, long expecting, would blame,
Had not this unexpected, clear'd the ſame;

Diana.

The bad Courtiers humor, is with us met;
Rather to make Preſent, then pay a Debt.

Aſtraa.

Fair Nymph, you us t'excuſe Cuſtome invites,
Particulars are ſlow to Common Rites.

Leonida.

Yet, if moſt not miſtake, this fair Abſtract,
At your hands, more then common Rites exact.

To Aſtrea preſenting Alexis, ſhe ſalutes her. *Aſtraa.*

Such Perfections heav'n reſerves for His uſe;
Particular Right to them were an Abuſe.

Hylas.

Hylas interpoſeth them. With Heav'ns favor, and yours, I do prepare,
In thoſe of this fair Deity to have a ſhare.

Alexis

Alexis.

Returnes to Astrea.

Thoſe Graces which in you excelling are,
Can only ſpeak a worthy Devotaire.

Hylas.

Takes her by the hand.

Phillis My late Miſtris, adue, adue;
Hylas before the Old preferrs the New;

Phillis.

Will you leave me?

Hylas.

I took you to that end.

Alexis.

And ſo e're long to me you will pretend.

Hylas kiſſes Alexis hand.

Hylas.

Suſpect not *Hylas*, *Hylas* cannot change.

Phillis.

For *Hylas*, ſo long *Hylas*, ſtill will range.

Alexis.

Thoſe things by us may eaſily be ſpar'd,
'Gainſt whoſe loſs Expectation is prepar'd.

Phillis.

That he a ſuddain Penitent may be,
My worth in your Judgement now let him ſee,
Miſtris, this is the day, the term's expir'd,
And from your ſelf our ſentence is requir'd.

To Diana.

Diana.

* To Alexis. It must be granted; * If you not distast,
Your better houres in trifles so to waste.

Alexis.

Not to partake your innocent Pastime,
VVere 'gainst mine own Peace to commit a Crime.

Diana.

To Leonida. Fair Nymph, it is but just; you see the end,
Since you the birth saw:

Leonida.

Gladly I attend.
But what saies *Sylvander*?

Sylvander.

He cannot fear,
Spotless, before so just a judge, t' appear.

Leonida.

She gives Diana a garland: being all dressed: Unto you first a Garland, then a Seate;
And now the progress of your Loves repeate;
'Twas *Phillis* first began this Difference,
And *Phillis* first must speak her own pretence.

Phillis.

She stands forth and with low reverence speaks. Fair mistris, now my Judge, wonder takes place,
To see one yet alive of *Ixions* race,
Vain and presumptuous, that durst undertake
Those divine Graces the Object to make
Of his aspiring Hope; All it so deeme,
By his Service, thus to seek your Esteem.
But leaving this, Let's first disclose the spring,
Whence issu'eth forth true Loves proper being;
Equality,

Equality, and Sympathy (himself doth say)
The sourses are; which Argument I may
Use 'gainst himself; So resemblance in Sexe
Must give me to your Love fairest pretexe;
Whose nourishment from Conversation growes:
My habits therein on me most bestowes;
Since ev'n but yesterday he did obtain
Knowledge of your Beauties, or of your Name;
Besides, if worth herein may be a Plea,
Th' advantage therein can mine only be,
Being of your Sexe; nor can he it deny,
VVithout offence unto Loves Deity,
And yours: Besides, did ever any hear
Dissimulation Love-worthy should appear,
VVhich took not being from his mistris Beauty;
But from our wager, and his vanity;
Or if I grant in true Loves flames he burn,
This doth but still to my advantage turn;
Since I the Author am he undertook
On those divine Beauties with Love to look,
VVhich his own want of Courage or of wit
VVould not have seen; or to Love him admit,
But that I did provoke him; more t'inferr,
VVould now but serve my Glories to deferr.

She with a low reverence retires, Sylvander stands forth, and after low reverence kneels,

Sylvander.

Those Poets fain the last of heav'nly Race
VVas fled from Earth, foresaw not hers, your place.
'Fore our *Astreas* Temple, I must joyn
VVith M' adversary; gainst my self combine;
Our difference was who should deserve your Grace,
By our poor Services; 'twas to imbrace
(I yeild to what she doth alleadge) a clowd,
And give our too rash Thoughts too fair a Shrowd;
The Gods, who only such Perfections frame,
In their Breasts Fire bear worthy of the same.

'Tis nature I should blame, were I not sure,
All Mortals the same rig'rous Law indure.
Yet thus I may, why such Perfections gave,
And wrought nought worth Relati'on them to have;
What she in you requires, though I can't give:
Yet what in me affords, I shall, whil' I live;
Nor can be tax'd of Presumpti'on, herein;
Since from those forcing Beauties Love did spring;
VVhich can't be slight, as M' Adversare objects,
Produc'd from such all excelling Subjects;
Nor is my pure Flame from Equalitie,
(As she insists) Natures common decree;
In mine, your excellence doth most appear,
That thus my thoughts bove Natur's laws can rear.
VVhy do you say they want of Reason prove,
VVho see what's amiable, and it not love,
Yet not allow, ev'n in the same Respect,
That this my Love, as such, she should protect.
For Love be'ing bred from what is good and fair,
VVhat is bred of't, such Nature still must wear.
It follows then, she like Resentments have
For those Effects which her own Beauties gave,
Unless you'l prophane her Capacity,
In giving it the same Deficiency;
But that, you'l say, inferrs my Love, not me,
Should be esteem'd; you yet do not foresee
My Love is joyn'd with such mysterious ties;
Me thus to love, but proper Love implies;
You plead th' advantage of your Sexe, as bent
To love semblable were natures Intent;
In Beasts see where her motives simple be,
Their Preservations binde t' each contrarie.
The gentle Turtle mourns, her male Mate dead,
From whom remov'd, the Palm hangs down her head.
But 'tis perhaps, elective Love you claim,
By your so long Conversat'ion, the same

Your

Your imperfections better do discover,
Shewing you are an Insufficient Lover;
Th' Advantage of your Sexe, again's your Aid,
Then ours more worthy; that is not gainsaid;
Nature to you most Perfections doth lend,
Whence best Discourses take their births and end:
But you forsaking th' Impressions She gave,
By your defect in Love are more deprave.
You pretend to the glory of my Love;
Th' Author thereof seeking your self to prove.
This must be judg'd according to th' Intent,
Which but to Dissimulation here was bent,
For which you deserve Punishment; My H'art
Did only true, unfaigned Love impart,
Which being produc'd beyond eithers Design,
Shows that the secret author was divine:
But both our Pleas and Services are vain,
Striving by either her Esteem to gain,
Perfections bove Natures, her Laws her free;
Ours, not as Presents, but Rights tender'd be.

Makes a low reverence, and retires.

Diana.

The Subject now in Difference judg'd should be,
Not from words only, but th' Effects we see;
Which since I both in equal ballance way:
This Sentence, as your Judge, pronounce I may:
Phillis more amiable, I do approve,
But *Sylvander* knows better to make Love.
For which respects, to each, with equal hand,
You I ordain my Seat; you my Garland.

She takes Phillis by the hand and sets her in her seat.

Alexis.

An equal Judge: Here Sentence was like this:
Where thus each Party full contented is;

On Sylvanders head kneeling she places her garland, and gives him her hand to kiss.

Hylas.

A goodly Recompence! and must this be,
My fair Mistris, an Example for me?

Alexis.

So much of me to your self not propose,
We are the God's; they only us dispose.

Hylas.

Insomuch as when I would kiss those eyes,
To consult th' Oracle, I must Sacrifice.

Alexis.

They will not grant what is against our Vow.

Hylas.

What then for all my service do y'allow?

Alexis.

The satisfaction to have loved me.

Hylas.

With that, the voyage not discharg'd will be.

Alexis.

I see you seek Pretences, me to leave.

Hylas.

Mistris, I will no longer you deceive.
If yon Shepherdess continue me to please,
As she hath done within this hour, I seise
On a new Object; yet grant me but this
For all my Services, your hand to kiss.
Fair One, to you I tender all the Grace
I 'ere receiv'd, and seat you in their place.

He kisses her hand and turnes to Stella. Kisses Stellas hand.

Sylvander.

Sylvander.

They are but violencies.

Hylas.

Him give no ear.

Stella.

I know him well, your Enemy not fear.
Since you'l me serve, I think it fit we draw
Cov'nants of Love, may be to each a Law.

Hylas.

My future Mistris, So I must you call,
Till by this Covenant, yours you me install,
So much delight from our Loves I foresee,
This shall no longer discontinu'd be.
That neither do usurpe Authority
O're each other, which we call Tyranny;
That each the Lover and the Lov'd shall be;
Without Constraint shall be our Amity;
That each may Love so long as each shall please;
And that when either will, either may cease;
That when each will, each one may others love,
And keep our old Loves or the same remove.
That Jealousie, Sorrows, Complaints banish't be,
As incompatible with our Amity:
That in our Words and Actions each be free,
Without the others Incommodity.
That none be lyars in Word or Effect,
Terms of Fidelity and Love reject;
That both or one without the other may
Cease, or continue our Loves to obey;
That when both, or one, of love is depriv'd,
Of both, or one, again 't may be reviv'd:

He hastily takes a paper out of his Scrip, and seems to write, still reading, as he writes.

That long Love and long Hatred we omit,
We will both Love and Injury forget.
Do you like them?

Stella.

It cannot be deny'd.

Hylas.

She seems to set her hand to't. Then next your Servants name your own subscribe.

Sylvander.

Hold, I think fit this other added be,
Without Constraint to keep your Liberty.

Hylas.

What may that be?

Sylvander.

That each may, when each list,
From any One or All these Laws desist.

Hylas.

He seems to write. 'Tis not amiss, the Counsel is so good,
Though from m' Enmy, it must not be withstood.

Astræa.

O're-envious Night with clowdy brows denie
Farther Delight to our Societies.

Alexis.

The loss is ours, but each Day shall renew
Our parting Pleasures with fresh Enterview.

Scene 1

Scene 1. Act. 4.

Leonice.

I too long do neglect my Love, I find,
So sweet is Revenge to an injur'd Mind.
A new Occasion I have found this day,
VVhich for the Execut'ion shall make way;
I wait fit time, Then *Tyrsis* to thee flie,
In solitude to gain thy love or die.
Fortune my Hope doth still anticipate;
Here is the ground where I must sow Debate.

They appear.

Phillis, Hylas, Diana.

Phillis.

And what will *Stella* say that you her leave?

Hylas leads Diana by the hand.

Hylas.

My late Mistris, you do your self deceive;
I do but give her Company; and will
VVhat is contained in our Laws fulfill.

Phillis.

But what *Sylvander*, when he this shall see,
VVho is your Rival and your Enemy?

Hylas.

Hylas.

'Twil make my fading Love more freſh, more keen.

Diana.

Where ſhould he be, ſo long we have not ſeen?

Leonice.

Sylvander is't you ſeek?

Phillis.

Him we would find.

Leonice.

I ſaw him late with ſo perplext a Mind
Take leave of his *Madontha*, who this day,
Alone accompany'd her on her way:
Her Denyals, nor Modeſty avail'd:
Againſt them both his Love and Tears prevail'd.

Phillis.

Sure you miſtake; *Sylvander* Love doth flie.

Hylas.

Of all Attaints but fair *Diana*'s eye.

Phillis.

Which but for wager is.

Leonice.

So, oft he vow'd
Unto *Madontha*, when ſhe 't diſallow'd.
I would, ſaid he (then Tears guſht out amain)
You in her place, ſhe in yours might remain;
Then ſhould you ſee how each Day ſhould invite
To feaſt our Fancies with a new Delight.

But I must cherish now thy Memory,
In whom Fate grants a mean Resemblancy;
Which with persev'ring faint I will imbrace,
As the imperfect Figure of thy Face.
While what's to you indifferent I make known,
I forget what's important of mine own.
Know ye not, gentle Swains, where *Tyrsis* is?

Hylas.

Ancient Mistris, Ile show you for a kiss.

Leonice.

You may oblige me.

Hylas.

Mistris, with your leave,
But to restore what Hatred would bereave.

Leonice.

Fair companions, good day. To Diana.

Phillis.

To you the same.

Diana.

Oh mans Ingratitude! my only Shame!
Was it for this I suffer'd thee to cover
All thy proceedings, as a feigned Lover,
With greater Liberty me to entertain (feine.
Of (thought) true Love; true Love thou didst but
Was this so oft prais'd Beautie no more priz'd,
Then for *Madontha*'s thou should'st it despise?
Or has't Inconstancy so long assail'd
In Others, It against thee hath prevail'd?

Phillis.

Phillis.

I have no Faith in this.

Diana.

Faith did foretell
No leſs at firſt, he counterfeits ſo well.

Phillis.

I ſee no ground for this Report.

Diana.

VVhat Ground
Canſt thou demand where Levity is found?
Let not th'Incredulity him excuſe;
Unleſs thou would'ſt *Diana* twice abuſe;
But force from him the Bracelet which he wears,
On that poſſeſſion depend all my fears,
Leaſt he ſhould triumph in his Victory
Raiſ'd on my VVeakneſs and his Treachery.

Phillis.

But will you him condemn before you hear?

Diana.

As thou me lov'ſt, me to diſſwade forbear.

Phillis.

It is a Charm, but ſee unhappy Fate
Affords no time your Ire to mitigate.

Sylvander.

Sylvander appears. Diana hides herſelf.

Fair Enemy, retain you ſtill that Name?
Or ſince our Quarrel's ended, ends the ſame?
VVhy ſo alone, and with dejected Eye?

Phil

Phillis.

Poor Shepherd, it foretels thy Deſtiny,
That Bracelet which you wear, you muſt reſtore
Unto my hand, whoſe Right it was before.

Sylvander.

Our Contenti'ons muſt then have no reſpite,
Since ev'n your Sorrows thus in them delight:
By whoſe Authority?

Phillis.

Hers you it gave.

Sylvander.

My Miſtriſſes! With aſtoniſhment.

Phillis.

I know none ſuch you have;
The Term's expir'd, and both you muſt reſign.

Sylvander.

Oh wherein is't? of Love you Pow'rs divine,
I have tranſgreſt.

Phillis.

In vain you do him prove,
VVho ſtill neglecteth all Deceits in Love.

Sylvander.

VVhy, doth ſhe think me falſe?

Phillis.

Elſe all not true.

Sylvan-

Sylvander.

She taking off the bracelet, he falls in a swoon.

Then to my dying Soul, such, Gods, be you.

Phillis.

He faints! *Sylvander!* oh, *Sylvander!* hear,
And let thy letting Soul once more appear.
Leave not the world unto eternal Night
Of Love and Vertue; you only it inlight.
Alas *Diana!* we have *Sylvander* slain.

Diana appears.

Diana.

She kneels by him.

'Twere double Guilt these chast Tears to refrain.

Phillis.

Now you'l believe, unless, as of us fed,
You think he still dissembles being dead.

Diana.

My self, then thee, I far more wounded have;
Thy dying proves to me a living grave.
Which to adorn, I will imbalm thy Herse
With these warm Tears, whil'st I thy Love reherse.

Phillis.

Diana retires. He begins to come to himself.

I feel him breath; you with your Grief retire;
Concealed still should be a Virgin Fire.

Sylvander.

Where, or from whence, I know not: but still why
Thus disturbed, I have fresh Memory;
Why took ye not this Function of my Soul,
Which serveth but my Miseries to enrole?
If I the common Instrument have left,
Why not of what subsists by it bereft?

This

This is an Argument I ſtill do live,
But to a ſecond Death my ſelf to give.

Phillis.

His wild Aſpect denotes diſtracted Senſe,
As on Himſelf he would act Violence. To herſelf.

Sylvander.

What bright ſhadow art thou?

Phillis.

He doth me take
For his good Angel; ſuch my ſelf Ile make, To herſelf.
To remove his Deſpaire: ——your better Guide, To him.
Who cometh for your Safety to provide;
Ere three days, if you fruſtrate not the ſame,
Your Miſtris Favor ſhall return again. Exit.

Sylvander.

I thank thy Charity; Hope me quickned hath; He riſes.
Heav'n leads me now in a directer Path. Exit.

Scene 2. Act 4.

Alexis.

WHy ſad? thou graſp'ſt a full Felicity
In her Favors, in her Society:
Full Liberty thou haſt on her to gaze,
And loſe thy Senſes in a lovers Maze;
Beginning where ending; ending where begun,
So long, till like a Statue I become;
While ſhe with bluſhing Smile awakes delight,
And leſt o're ſuddenneſs ſhould it affright,

Softly

Softly she whispers, yet fearing too loud,
Her am'rous Accents 'twixt my lips doth shroud,
VVith so long fixt self-ravishing Desire,
As that great VVorkman did his work inspire;
VVhilst I new Being take, my self again
To lose my self cannot my self refraine.
Such heav'nly Raptures onely are expresst
VVhen Immortality doth the Soul invest,
VVhich to make perfect, she oft playes my part,
Exchanging Beings by our am'rous Art:
No place is left for Wish, Hope is but vain,
Yet all is fruitless wanting *Celadons* name.
'Twixt my divided self there is Debate;
Celadon envieth *Alexis* State;
Alexis fearth His; Nor can have bliss
In any place where *Celadon* absent is.
Desirable is the state of *Celadon*,
But redoubtable if to her made known.
Desire must cease where nought it higher rears,
And where so wretched is no place for Fears:
Yet still fresh Torments of them Both me press,
The One would regain what he did possess,
The Other strugleth what he hath to hold,
And still denies the Other to unfold.
But while my self thus doth my self revile,
Nature's soft Slumbers would us reconcile.

He laies himself to sleep.

Astrea.

I am become a Truant in my Love,
So long dull Sleep the Object doth remove.
'Tis full an hour since Days alarum rung
Her lofty Notes to greet th' approaching Sun.
Yet why by them do I account my Time?
It must be late, my Star hath left her Clime:
But see, her watchful Thoughts are forc'd repay
VVhat they took from the Night unto the Day.

Thou universal Minister of peace,
T'exact these thy untimely Tributes cease;
VVhisper unto her while she it enlight,
The world is cover'd in a mourning Night;
Yet least thou should'st astonish her with Fear,
See that in my shape thou to her appear.
VVhile I stoln Tributes of my Love exact, Kisses her.
And yet but satisfie half the Contract;
Since thou from me withhold'st the better Share,
These little more then dreaming Shadows are:
How my Tongue unawares leads me to truth!
This, though awake, is but th' object of *Ruth*;
VVhich rather then my Senses should delight,
It should with Horror of my Guilt affright:
Yet since to cherish *Celadon* Death denys,
Ile worship here his sweet resembling Eyes.
Why, oh why! doth now churlish Fate refuse
Him thou presentst the Figure thus to use; Kisses her.
These Kisses would not be less innocent,
If on more Heat and Moisture they were spent;
My better Self, my Pardon, I have broke She awake.
Those balmy Slumbers, Love did it provoke.

Alexis.

Dear *Astræa!* how long here thus alone?

Astræa.

No longer then two Kisses I have stoln.

Alexis.

Love was consenting, who these Pleasures knew, Kisses her.
But dreaming false, awaking to be true:
Yet why so early?

Astræa.

My unquiet Heart
Admits no Truce foreseeing your depart
To your devout Society, unless
With you I may enjoy like Happiness,
To which lend me your Aid.

Alexis.

For my Aid sue!
Alas! 'tis that I must attend from you.

Astræa.

To you wherein can I be Profitable?

Alexis.

That we for ever be Inseparable.

Astræa.

'Tis mine own Wish, which but on you depends.

Alexis.

In our Agreements both must have their Ends.

Astræa.

To mine ye holy Pow'rs Witnesses be,
Which broke, punish with just Severity.

Alexis.

It is enough, yet one thing more remains.

Astræa.

Hasten it quickly, then our Souls enchains;
Nothing if not impossible it be,
Can hinder this our sweet Felicity.

Alexis.

Then command me; but——

She abruptly stops, and seems to faint: Is supported by Astræa.

Astræa.

Your grief to asswage.
Do you want nothing?

Alexis.

Nothing but Courage.

Phillis, Lycidas, Diana.

Phillis.

'Twas just; the Author of your Jealousie
Hath from her own mouth giv'n the Remedie.

Lycidas.

Which gives a new Displeasure; my Remorse,
That durst attempt our Loves so to divorce:

Gives him her hand to kiss.

Phillis.

Which thus I cancel.

Lycidas.

With a firmer Tie,
To bind our Loves unto Eternity.

To Diana.

Phillis.

Next is your part.

Diana.

Which I shall expiate
At first Encounter.

Phillis.

Pray heav'n not too late.

Astrea.

From whence, my dear Compan'ions, pleas'd so well?

Phillis.

From discov'ring Treason by Miracle,
As we to shun the rigour of Days pride
Did us a well united shade provide;
VVe heard to *Tyrsis Leonice* recite
The foul Effects of her incensed Spite
'Gainst me, and *Sylvander*; VVho (as you know)
Did by his Judgement her Love overthrow.

Astrea.

Diana was there.

Phillis.

Or else still (I fear)
VVould last her Jealousie.

Diana.

VVhich now is clear.

Alexis.

Sylvander must have Right.

Diana.

I not deny,
Preserving still a Virgins Modesty.

Sylvander.

Sylvander.

Appears in a discontented posture.

Phillis.

Sylvander, the Triumph at length is mine,
And you your usurp'd Trophies must resign;
VVhether by Force or by Subtility,
Matters not which; glorious stil's Victory.
Do you remember by fein'd Love to me
You strove t'increase *Licidas* Jealousie.
I now am quit, that Message which I brought
VVas but the Stratagem wherewith I fought.

Sylvander.

What do you mean?

Phillis.

Those VVords I said to you,
VVere things invented *Diana* ne're knew.

Sylvander.

No more my Foe, and justifie but this,
VVho by you is subdued, crowned is.

Phillis.

For better proof, first I surrend my Theft,
Those Tears content me which it hath bereft.

Flings him the bracelet.

Sylvander.

To heav'n, to you, and to *Diana* give
My humble thanks, I by your Favours live.

Kneels, kisses the bracelet, and puts it on his arm. Who was at distance before approaches.

Diana.

VVhat part have I in your Discourse? I hear
You named me.

Phillis.

Not now such are, but were;
As pleased me to represent you still,
In Words or Actions both fram'd by my Will.

Diana.

I thank you, but I hope you have well chose,
Since you so freely of them both dispose.

Diana.

As for mine own Advantage best might prove.

Phillis.

I thank you dear Companion for your Love.

Sylvander.

The Satisfaction's greater which I have,
To Phillis. Then the Displeasure which before you gave;
But know, th' unhappy Effects of this Strife
Can never cease but with m' unhappy Life.

Phillis.

My Veng'ance never did so far pretend.

Lycidas.

Those Ills are great which cease but with our End.

Diana.

'Tis just, me thinks, that *Phillis* bear her share,
Since she the Author was of his Dispaire.

Lycidas.

Unto the Cure at least.

Phillis.

Phillis.

Provided ſtill,
That you t'effect the ſame will grant your Will. To Diana.

Diana.

Your Skill on others Help you do repoſe.

Alexis.

You can't deny what Charity doth propoſe.

Diana.

I muſt ſubmit.

Phillis.

The Cure Ile undertake,
If he have courage his Ills known to make,

Sylvander.

Know then, by this your Wyle, o're charg'd with Grief,
I to th' Oracle flew for my Relief,
But in the Anſwer more cauſe of It found,
With this irr'evocable Edict be'ing bound.

Oracle.

Thy preſent Ills e're long ſhall end; He take a little billet and reads.
But Her thou would'ſt, *Paris* ſhall wed.
To thy Deſires do not pretend,
Untill ſuch time *Sylvander*'s dead.

Thou fair Diſpoſer of my Soul, though Fate Turns to Diana.
On this poor trunk ſeems thus to vent his Hate.
Leſt I you Others ſee, ſuffer me die,
Then ſuffer ſtill of Death's varietie:
'Tis but the haſt'ning of mine own Deſire,
Which is accompliſh'd when I do expire.

Phillis.

Phillis having paus'd awhile. No, no, this Oracle no such Sense bears,
Each Oracle mysterious Senses wears;
Diana, you'l not from your Promise flie?

Astræa.

VVe all become therein her Suerty.

Phillis.

First, that your present Ils e're long should end;
On what is now past plainly did depend:
Next is, but whom thou would'st, *Paris* shall wed:
VVed is oft in a double sense used,
The Priests office herein it doth include:
Paris, whom you would, wed's to you as *Druy'd*.

Sylvander.

But where (your Desire's not pretend) 'tis sed,
VVhat Remedy until *Sylvander*'s dead.

Phillis.

O thou Ignorant in Love's Mysteries,
VVho loves an Other, to Himself he dies.
'Tis your own Doctrine.

Lycidas.

Nothing is more clear.

Alexis.

As she with Heav'n Intelligencer were.

Phillis.

Diana's promise must the Rest fulfill.

Diana

Diana.

Wherein? I see no need thereof.

Phillis.

Your will:
Without you aid him this cannot be true,
That he should dye in Him, and live in You;
Such Myst'ry in Love, as yet, was ne're known,
This could in any wise subsist by One.

Alexis.

We are ingag'd.

Astrea.

And must not see you fail.

Diana.

What is requir'd of Both must needs prevail.

Phillis.

Since he unto Himself must cease to live,
You must likewise your Self unto him give.

Diana.

It is too much.

Sylvander.

For my Worth.

Phillis.

But no less,
From her own Self exacteth her Promess;
Here, take her Hand, and thereon seal your Vows.

Phillis takes Diana by the hand, and gives it Sylvander to kiss.

Sylvander.

Sylvander.

Thus guarded, Heav'n in vain you bend your brows.

Scene 3. *Act* 4.

Paris in Shepheards apparrel.

Leonida, *and* Paris *encounter.*

Leonida.

WHat M'etamorphif's this ? *Paris* a Dryʼd
Become a Shepherd ?

Paris.

Even such, well viewʼd,
All powʼrful Love transformʼd all powʼrful *Jove*,
No wonder Mortals such Effects do prove :
But could you view my Inside, you should see,
Paris within yet far more changʼd to be.
My thoughts do feel an universal Spring,
And charm themselves with Harmony they sing :
Each Fancy doth beget a various Flowʼr,
(As doth, in *April*, a distilling Showʼr)
Tʼ enamel richly our Hymenal Wreath,
Which shall with every wanton *Zephire* breath
More fragrant odors, then thʼ *Arabian* hils,
When each perfumed Leaf with hony fils
The no more busie Bee, who thus oʼreflowa
With plenty of delight, becomes a Drone ;
While we therewith beʼing crownʼd by Virgin hands,
Unite our Souls in everlasting Bands.

Leonida.

Oh excellent ! But whence all this ? or why ?

Paris.

Paris.

To welcome my fulfraught Felicity;
Thou know'ſt my Love to *Diana*, and how
My Father gladly did the ſame allow;
My wingie Paſſions, greedy of their Prey,
Have got the Mothers Will; Children obey:
So ſaid ſhe, when my Love I did diſcloſe;
She had no Pow'r, *Bellinda* muſt diſpoſe.
Our Parents are agreed, the Contract's don,
And nothing wanting but to morrows Sun.
Who ſhall with ſuch a Rev'rence be beheld,
As other Lights, Himſelf he had excel'd.

Leonida.

Inure your Paſs'ions to a milder Strain,
You are not ſure *Diana*'s Will to gain.

Paris.

She is the Image of true Piety;
Her Obedience to doubt were Her'eſie:
But here in vain my howers I do waſte,
To find her out I will renew my haſte.
My ſtay here was my Happ'ineſs to make known,
Which was imperfect till to others ſhown. Exit.

Leonida.

'Tis very ſuddain, this Report be'ing true,
To *Sylvander*, pray Heav'n, no Ill enſue. Alexis appears.
Now fair diſguiſed *Druy'd*, what monſtrous Race
Muſt we expect of this Cloud you imbrace?
Thrice hath the Moon fil'd full her horned Creſt:
And thrice again her Orbs ſhe hath depreſt,
Since you this Habit took, and yet I ſee
Of this our Purpoſe no Fertility,

Un-

Unleſs you do delight your ſelf t'inflict,
(As did the Gods their Hoſt, they did convict)
Plac'd in happineſs to the very Lip,
Yet not ſuffer your thirſty Soul to ſip.

Alexis.

Here cauſe is of your Pitty.

Leonida.

Or my Blame,
That you ſo often have abuſ'd the ſame;
Fruſtrating It with your own ſelf-Neglect.

Alexis.

Blame rather my Love's too ſevere Reſpect.

Leonida.

Reſpect, to what?

Alexis.

To what I do obey.

Leonida.

Which her Repentance cancels ev'ry day;
Thoſe Tributes of her Love ſhe pays to thee,
Are Sacrifices to thy Memory,
Unto her dead; not by hers, but thy Guilt
Art thou become ſo, ſince ſo it thou wilt:
Nor do I think ſhe would thee e're forgive, (give:
Knew ſhe thou from her hold'ſt whom thou could'ſt
How oft thee in her am'rous Arms inchain'd,
Hath ſhe thee in her ſtifled Sighings nam'd.
Wiſhing thee Such, yet jealous of each Ear,
Scatter'd the Motions of her modeſt Fear
Into her Cheeks, which there ſuch Thoughts betray'd,
As ſuch, ſhe would thou wert, ſhe were afraid.

Alexis.

Alexis.

This be'ing granted, why doth ſhe not revoke
Her own Sentence, and eaſe me of my Yoke?

Leonida.

She knows not that you are, or if ſhe did,
Not knowing where you are, Why it forbid?
Adviſe betimes, you long not conceal'd can,
A womans Habit long not hides a Man:
Beſides, if ſuch diſcov'ry you befal,
To *Adamas* 'twill be a reproach, to All.

Alexis.

Alas! I often it attempted have,
But want of Courage oft Repulſes gave.

Leonida.

See, ſee, is this an Object to affright? Aſtrea appears
It rather is an Object to invite; Aſtrea a-boards Alexis and hides her.
Still ſo intentive on your am'rous Chaſe,
I know you *Celadon* rather had imbrace
Then this fair *Druy'd*; Nay, let not his fair Name
Dye thoſe fair Roſes in a deeper Stain,
Unleſs it be it ſilently t'avow,
That is no Crime to which the Gods do bow.

Aſtrea.

Fair Nymph, I know not why I ſhould aver
Before *Alexis* Love I His prefer.

Leonida.

In vain you do from me your Paſſions hide,
I have to trace them a more ſubtile Guide
Then you yet known of, who hath to me ſhown
Each paſſage of your Loves to your ſelves known:

For

For proof whereof, the Cauſe of his late Death
Was not, as you report; your Aid, but Breath.

Aſtrea.

I am amaz'd with wonder; but whereby
Comes this to your Knowledge?

Leonida.

Ile ſatisfie
Your Thoughts in that, provided you conceal,
As religi'ous Secrets, what I reveal.

Aſtrea.

I ſhall.

Leonida.

My Uncle hath a ſecret Art,
Which he to me not long ſince did impart;
By which, of what is, was, or yet ſhall be,
We have true Knowledge: this ſaid Myſterie
Inlightned me in what I you diſcloſ'd,
And more had ſaid, had you it not oppoſ'd.

Aſtrea.

It were a ſecond Injury to his Love,
Should I deny that I ſuch Paſſion prove;
Nor ſhall ought I can hear of him offend,
Unleſs it be the Subject of his End.

Leonida.

If you him love, you would him wiſh to ſee.

Aſtrea.

Beyond imaginary Felicity.

Leoni-

Leonida.

Then know, the Power of my Art Ile try,
Provided you your Succor not deny.

Astræa.

I am afraid we shall disturb the Peace
Of his eternal Rest.

Leonida.

Those your Fears cease.

Astræa.

Nor shall I Courage have to see the Ayre
With horror maskt, while you your Charms prepare.

Leonida.

Nothing less, th'Ayre shall be more calm, more bright,
And smile on each thing with more fresh delight.
Each Tree, and Flower, reassume their Spring,
Each aery Chorister more cheerly sing.

Astræa.

I do assent.

Leonida.

Then you must first untie
What your Command impos'd; That to your eye
He may appear.

Astræa.

If my Love still have force
To reunite, as it had to divorce;
Celadon, I command thee to appear,
And leave those Bonds of thy respectful Fear.

Leonida.

Leonida with a book of Characters in one hand, and a bough in the other, after many turnings, kneels and invokes.

Enough. You happy Spirits, who ſtill prove
The everflouriſhing delights of Love;
Afford us One from your Society,
We will rear Altars to your Diety.
There he is, do you not him ſee?

Aſtræa.

Not I.

Leonida.

Your Intents wanting to his Liberty,
Although your Words ſeem eſſent'al to be.

Aſtræa.

They both are truly preſent.

Alexis.

So is he;

Alexis falls on his knee and imbraces Aſtræa's.

Recieve thy *Cel'adon*, whom the milder Wave,
Leaſt it ſhould quench his Flame, deny'd a Grave.

Aſtræa.

Why do you mock me? ſweet *Alexis* riſe.

Alexis.

Alexis I am not, but in Diſguiſe;
See here the ſpoiles unwittingly I forc'd

She ſhews her from her breaſt firſt a ribbon, then a picture,

From thy fair ſelf, when from't I was divorc'd;
Or if thy *Celadon* thou knoweſt not,
See if thine own Face thou haſt not forgot.

Aſtræa.

Ah cruel wreteh! thy Impr'dence hath betray'd,
With thy falſe Charms, the Modeſty of a Maid:

Tho

Thou Impudent Attempter 'gainſt my Fame,
How dar'ſt thou to thy Treach'eries ſeal thy Name?
Or before me thy ſelf thus repreſent,
Whoſe knowledge all my life I muſt repent:
Diſſyal Deceiver! haſte thee from mine Eye
Unto thy Ruine, hence, away and dye;
Since thou had'ſt Courage to incur my Hate,
Take it again the Same to expiate.

Alexis.

Still honour'd Miſtris, I ne'e did attend,
To what you me reproach, a fairer End;
Yet ſince you do Deaths Sentence me pronounce,
Tell me what kind of Death you do denounce.

He holds her, who ſtruggles to be gone.

Aſtræa.

Such as thou wilt, ſo thou maiſt ceaſe to be.

She flings from him, whom Leonida runs after. But ſeeing Celadon ſhe another way, ſhe purſues him with diſtraction.

Leonida.

Aſtræa, Celadon, why thus diſagree.

Scene 4. *Act* 4.

Lycidas, Phillis, Diana.

Phillis encounters them in hafte.

Lycidas.

SEE whom we ſeek?

Phillis.

Lycidas, my haſty fear
Muſt fill with Wonder thy altoniſh't Ear,
And yours *Diana*; *Celadon* yet lives,
But whom Heav'n did, *Aſtræa* not forgives;

Celadon did, in *Alexis* disguise,
Both him present, and withhold from our eyes.
VVhich known t' *Astrea*, her offended Shame,
That she too lavishly had fed her flame
On this false Object, who from her again
As lavishly had still r'exact the same:
Hath rashly him pronounc'd a second Doom,
Thus of our Joys, Grief must possess the room.
But he by none to be resisted, fled
Into the Woods: And as soon lives, is dead,
Unless your hasty search do him prevent,
But my Relation pretious Time hath spent.

Lycidas.

So strange Amazement hath my sense bereav'd,
That I can scarce believe I'm not deceiv'd.

Diana.

Nor I.

Lycidas.

Sure Nature did herself bely,
To such Beauty gave no Humanity.

Dirna.

'Tis very strange.

Lycidas.

Prodigious Amity
That works th' Effects of stern Hostility.

Phillis.

Her now collected Sense the same repents,
And what she did desire, done, she laments,
Stay not, in her reviles, your search.

Lyci-

Lycidas. Exit.

I flie.

Phillis.

VVith your leave; her to comfort. To Diana, Exit.

Diana.

I to die.
Fond *Aſtrea* ! thus to build thy Miſhap
On Beauties Fortune ſhowred in thy lap,
Thou art thy ſelf unto thy ſelf ill Fate,
Too haſty Ils thus to anticipate ;
And why thus doth thy Happineſs diſtaſte ?
Becauſe, before thou would'ſt, thou happy waſt.
Alas ! had Fate to me been half ſo kind,
I had not, ſure, as thou, been half ſo blind :
VVhat leſſens thine, me double Grief doth frame,
In that the author I muſt never blame.
My Mother 'tis ; my Mother who me bred,
By whom I am to Execution led :
VVhoſe former Pie'ty nothing doth avail,
If on pretended piety ſh' aſſail
My ruin ; muſt from my Obedience riſe,
To fill, and juſtifie her Sacrifice ;
But ſhe, alas, claims Natures laws her due,
As if 'gainſt her Laws, what ſhe fram'd deſtrue,
'Tis none of hers ; abandon'd hers we have,
Who ſweetens Evils, even thoſe ſhe gave
VVere but to ſalve thoſe that our ſelves we give,
VVhil'ſt we more careleſs of our ſelves here live.
Blind Cuſtomes (from blind opinion ſprung)
They are, obſerved becauſe once begun.
What more unjuſt 'gainſt Nature or all Right,
Thus wilfully t'extinguiſh eithers Light,

Those, One observes with so much Piety,
Another thinks offends his Deity;
If our mild mother-Nature's laws they were,
All would agree in what they were to bear.
The gentle Dove elects her loved Mate,
Without Controul, or Envy, or Debate:
Which from a secret Sympathy doth spring,
At whose approach Love Harmony doth sing,
Without Discourse, Direction or their Will;
B'instinctive Motives, they their Loves fulfill:
Happy Couples, thus joyn'd, happy forlorn,
Who may alone each others Losses mourn!
Sylvander appears in a discontented posture. But while in Plaints Grief would it self subdue,
He not seeming to look up, the goes to him and jogs him. The Object, see, doth it again renew.
Sylvander, *Sylvander*, must *Diana* be
Thy oft Invoker, yet thou her not see?

Sylvander.

He starts as amazed. Ha! who call'd? I heard *Diana* nam'd,
It is her self, and by her self am blam'd.
Pardon thou sweet Attracter of my Soul,
Kneels and rises. My too wild Thoughts labor'd but to inroul
My own Losses, with such intentive Care;
Unhappy Stewards, as thy Treasures were.
But thou in this fair Volume hast laid ope
Briefer Accompts of my dispensed Hope:
Diana is Anothers, the whole Sum
Not able to discharge, I'm quite undone.

Diana.

I am thy equal Partner; one poor Bark
Bore both our Fortunes fired by one Spark.

Sylvander.

Alas, it was with such Abundance fraught,
I still misdoubted it would ne're be brought

To

To Harbor, Heaven doubting our Content
Should It forget, thus did our Loves prevent;
Nor was it just that *Diana* should be
Link'd to a Vagabond in her Amity.
Go give to *Paris* happier Birth, and Wealth,
What would have been to me but counted Stealth.

Diana.

Why wrongs *Sylvander* his *Diana's* Choice,
Staining thy self with thy distempered Voice?
Though thou a Stranger be, poor and unknown,
Yet by thy richer Virtue 'tis well shown,
Thy Stock could not be mean; Nor in my Eyes,
Can any Riches equal thy Loves prise?

Sylvander.

Be merciful, and cherish not my Flame,
It thus to fan, thou do'st r'inflame the same;
Tell me thou do'st me hate, invent some Spite,
With less Displeasure I may leave the Light.

Diana.

And leave me charg'd, with a distastful Crime
Would never be wip'd out with any Time;
Nor must you reassume the right you gave
To your disposure; which I only have;
By force whereof, I charge you not exact
Of your own self any unlawful Act
Against thy self; Do'st thou believe my Love
Is yet so faint, it gladly would not prove,
Ev'n what thou now against thy self dost threat,
I would it often on my self repeat,
Until this Trunk, Sacrifices became
Num'rously infinite, as our fair Loves flame,
But that those Pow'rs divine who have us plac't
In these fair Holds, forbid to have them rac'd

By us, to whose Charge they did them commit,
Which Office we, till cal'd, must not remit.

Sylvander.

Such are the Summons, th' Oracles Decree,
VVhich must by Mortal not rejected be.
Sylvander, his desires must not peetend,
Until the same *Sylvander* have an End:
VVhy should we struggle with their immov'd Will.
To them be pious, grant I may it fulfil;
Else kind to me, withhold not my Desire,
Accomplish it; but bid me to expire.

Diana.

No more with these Fears my frail thoughts distract,
Till I am Others, see thou it protract;
Mean while, take this assurance which I give,
Then not as thine, rather I had not live:
She gives him her hand to kiss. Farewel, I fear my Mothers sad Surprise.

Sylvander.

Nought fear I worse, then parting from those Eyes.

Scene 1.

Scene 1. Act 5.

Alexis.

LOnely Drſert! affrighting Solitude!
Such winding Path like Error hath indu'd
My wilder Thoughts; whoſe Turnings as thine might
Lead to the entrals of eternal Night;
How you become my Fortunes thus o'regrown
With Time, and Neglect, and thus ſtill alone:
No rude Hand comes to fell your high rais'd Crown,
To lop your Branches, or your Trunks cut down,
Unleſs ſome Tempeſt do a Member tear;
Yet none, but ſuch, as long corrupted were,
Which like a faithful Surgeon takes away,
Leſt it the Whole to ruin ſhould betray;
While you cloſe rank't in your united Band,
His rude Incounter ſecurely withſtand.
Alas, my ſcatter'd Thoughts disbanded are,
And wage againſt themſelves a civil War,
In their divided diſcord lying waſte,
What ſhould, like thine, a mournful Peace have grac't;
The Cauſe I would relate; But that, I fear,
It would to you it ſelf ſo much endear;
In tears you would your fertile Juyce diſpend,
So with your fragrant Burthens you would end
Continual Food her Altars to ſupply,
Whoſe acceptable Sacrifice, I dye.

Ne're Victim yet immolish't twice became,
'Tis only I must suffer twice the same;
And since my Love all others doth exceed,
'Tis fit more often I for it should bleed:
Nor yet *Astræa*, shall less cruel Fate,
As once before, again renew thy Hate.
Not thy Sentence to shun, I yet do live,
But greater glory I the same may give;
My better Genius prompts me to an Act
Doth hitherto mine own sought End protract,
Wherein, as Authors, those fair Eys shall be
True VVitnes's to true Loves Fidelity;
I hear the Boughs rustle, my self Ile hide,
Retires. Lest to prevent me Fate some hither guide.

Sylvander.

Wy 'gainst the Heav'ns irrevocable Decree
Yet struggles this my weak Humanity?
If it not pow'r have these twins to divorce,
Yet sure *Diana*'s Sentence is of force.
I charge thee, said she, till I others be,
Against thy self act no Hostility;
I am from that Protraction now dismist,
And from the Execution long will not desist,
As curious Fear me to yon Valley led,
I met a Swain, whose care-discharged head
Rung on his Oaten Reed such merry Notes,
As Birds when Emulation strains their throats.
His nimble Feet did equal Measure beat,
To what his nimbler Fingers did repeat;
I him approach't, and of him sought to know
Why he in Mirth did so much overflow?
Who said, our Shepherds Glory's wed to day,
And 'tis our universal Holiday.
A secret Fear seis'd my distracted Sense
Presaging strait without Intelligence

That

That it *Diana* was; which true I found,
When of his Mirth he had disclos'd the Ground.
Cruel *Diana*! did thy command intend
To witness this should be deferr'd my End?
But 'tis no Time for Plaints; both Heav'n and thee
Do glut your selves with your slow Cruelty;
Yet stay! what shall the welcome Agent be?
Or Sword, or Floud? in neither's Certainty;
Ile to yon Heav'n-neighb'ring Mountains summit,
And where he doth his head out hanging jet,
I will precipitate my self to Dust,
And make my hasty Execution just;
He, that pretends to such Divinitie,
Must fall like him, who to the Heav'ns would flie.

Alexis discovers her self, and holds him.

Alexis.

Stay thy rash Execution yet a while;
Of thy charitable Office, not beguile
(In Mis'ry) thy Companion.

Sylvander.

Celadon!
For such, disguis'd, thou wer't to me made known.

Alexis.

And such I am.

Sylvander.

Wherein can I thee aid?
Who to my own Misfortunes am betray'd?

Alexis.

If that my own Griefs had left any room
For an Increase, they greater would become;
Let thy Favor give to my Grave a Peace,
And from me bid m'incensed Brother cease

His renew'd Enmity t'*Astræa*'s Race,
Whose Command, dying, tell her I imbrace;
And will revive to all Posterity
The forbid Fountain of Loves Verity
With my own Death, wherein she plain shall see,
My Love most priz'd by that Divinity.

Sylvander.

I envy this thy Glory, and do blame
My self, I thought not to attempt the same.
Like Charity I must request of you,
That which you sought of me, to me now shew;
Admit me Partner to your Enterprise,
From you the Glory only shall arise.

Alexis.

Preserve thy Vertue to a greater End,
It may a Nation, nay a World defend.

Sylvander.

I must not leave you.

Alexis.

They imbrace. Nor must be deny'd,
With thee 'tis Glory Glory to divide.

Scene 2. Act 5.

Astræa, Diana.

Astræa.

WHile yet Death's elder brother doth exact
His welcome Tributes; with Death we contract.

Hid

Hid with the Vale of yet unmasked Night,
From all Attachments we secure our Flight.
Yet by fair *Cynthia*'s glim'ring light we see,
I judge this our intended Path should be.

Diana.

How hardy Love the frailty doth subdue
Of our weak Sex? No Fear doth us pursue,
Th' horror of Night, unguarded and alone
Dismaies us not, because no Evil known.

Astrea.

Such are thy happy Suff'rings; but my Guilt
Is onely clear'd, when for't my Bloud is spilt:
Thou art not faulty, cause anothers Force,
Not thine, as mine, wrought thy fair Loves Divorce.
'Tis just for it that I should onely die.

Diana.

Envy me not in Death Society;
Thine own Words plead thy Life, all do agree,
That Victyms spotless, innocent should be.

Astrea.

And such shall make me these repentant Floods. She seems to weep.
Desist to dye; needless are both our Bloods;
One onely of our Sex must satisfie
Of true Loves Fountain the Divinity;
Whose VVisdome will provide a Lover fit
For the Releasment worthy to submit.

Diana.

With your Pardon, why should it not be I?
My Heart tels me it feels an Amity,
Is such as is requir'd; a faithful pair
Of the most perfect Lovers ever were,

Whose

VVhose only Deaths the secret Charm unties.

Astrea.

Disputes are vain to make known Amities.
Fair *Diana*, the Gods betwixt us judge,
Who will I hope preserve thee.

Diana.

Do not grudge
Me thy fair Glory thus but to partake.

Astrea.

Love in his Glory will no Rival make.
Our diff'rence ends! see, see, the new born day,
The Fountains figure to us doth display:
All pow'rful Love, who Nature do'st preserve,
But me destroy'st; unband thee and observe,
As my pure Love is perfect in thine Eyes,
Receive me worthy for thy Sacrifice,
T'appease thine Ire; this Fountain to set free,
And render Lovers thy hid Mysterie.

The fountains discovered, they approach, & Astrea first kneels.

Diana.

Thou divine pow'r of Love, I need not tell
My Love is perfect, for thou know'st it well.
Command thy Lions insensible to be
To fair *Astrea*, spare her sweet Beauty,
Else you destroy the Power you have got,
Amongst Mortals your Name will be forgot;
Your Temples rac't, your Tapers no more shine,
Your Altars smoke, nor you no more divine.
Accept my Death, your Anger to asswage,
I yield my Corps to satisfie their Rage.

She kneels.

Astrea.

Astrea.

Dear *Diana*, wrong not your self and me,
'Tis ev'n herein your own preheminency
That pleads your preservation, if the Gods
Be just, and can distinguish Beauties odds;
Therefore I do again your Pow'rs implore,
Preserve her, and preserve your Treasures store.
No more; I do conjure thee by our Love,
'Gainst my Desire, and Peace, the Gods not move.

She kneels again. Diana would have rose, but is withheld by Astrea. They imbrace one another, and fall one on the one side of the fountain, the other on the other, fast asleep.

Alexis, Sylvander.

Alexis.

Each Mountains pride with new gilt Crown appears,
And fair *Aurora* hath dry'd up her Tears;
Let us renew our Speed; I fear some sent
In search of us, should our Design prevent.
Ha! *Astrea!*

Sylvander.

Good Gods! *Diana* see.

They draw nigh the fountain, and discover Astrea and Diana.

Alexis.

Or doth Heav'n mock our weak Humanity?
If she, you Gods, why grant you such Repose
To her unjustly caus'd me mine to lose?

Sylvander.

What hath ye hither brought, ye beaut'ous Pair?
Was it again our Lives to reinsnare?
They are become your Triumphs and your Spoils.
Cease yet again thus to renew their Broils.

Alexis.

Alexis.

Kneels. You Soul-charming Power! uncloſe her Eye,
Not to appeaſe, but ſee her Cruelty.
You do withhold an Object more would pleaſe,
Then doth this your untimely flatt'ring Eaſe:
But you know better it doth her delight,
Thus to deprive me of her loved Sight;
In vain I you implore; *Aſtræa* hath ſhown
Div'nities now inſenſible are grown.

Sylvander.

Thou fair Inchainer of my Soul, receive
Kiſſes Diana. My laſt Farewel; And do not me bereave
Thy bleſt Mem'ry; VVhich Favor if thou give,
I ſhall not dye, but in thee ſtill ſhall live,
Kiſſes her hand. Fil'd with thoſe Joys, which Mortals do recite,
When to the Gods they ſhall themſelves unite.

Alexis.

Kiſſes Aſtræa. The like Farewel to thee, thou glorious Pride
Of her that fram'd thee, now we muſt divide.
But to what Heav'n ſo ever I do go,
Depriv'd of thee, I ſhall not think it ſo.
Ile there attend thee like a mournful Dove,
Kiſſes her hand. Perhaps when dead, thou wilt approve my Love;
Why tempt we ſo our Frailty? thus to greet,
Approaching Death makes Heaven with Hell to meet.

Sylvander.

They both riſe. Yet be perſwaded gentle Friend to live,
She that was once offended may forgive;
Can any think, who ſees that heav'nly Face,
Anger there moves a Circulary Race.

Alexis.

Alexis.

A greedy Partner thus to diſpoſſeſs
Him that did give thee to thy Share Acceſs.
My jealous Love would me provoke to chide;
But that we muſt Unite e're we divide,
You Pow'r inclin'd to Pitty, who inſpires
This only Cure to unquiet Deſires,
Leaſt that my Grief, as your Divinity;
Both immortal, and infinite ſhould be,
Receive this Body for your Sacrifice,
My Soul too you ſhould have, but that her Eye
With ſacred Charms ſo captive it retains,
(Though cruel ſhe) It other Bonds diſdains,
Yet let my Death, to ſatisfie her Crime
Againſt my Love, be to you a Victyme.
Let the Subject of our unhappy Strife
Be ſubject to prolong her Peace and Life.

They imbrace. He kneels at the fountain.

Sylvander.

Kneels to the fountain.

Thou cruel Pow'r, whoſe irrevocable Law,
My Soul through all thoſe Ils could hap, didſt draw.
See your Sentence fulfill'd, and ſee that you,
As in the Evil, in the Good be true.

He riſes.

Alexis.

I fear theſe Beaſts ſhould forth their Limits ſtray,
And hurt theſe fair Ones.

Sylvander.

Let's bear them away.

Alexis.

The eager Beaſts approach.

Sylvander.

Let's them defend.

Alexis.

Alexis.

Alexis hastily enters, Sylvander follows and falls down at the entry.

Rather secure them avancing our End.

Phillis, Adamas, Bellinda, Paris, Lycidas, Hylas, Stella, Leonida.

Phillis.

Undoubtedly th'are there, the Shepherd said
He saw them both asleep, but being afraid,
Durst not approach, the Lions being nigh
Unto the same place, whereon both did lie.

Adamas.

'Tis very strange! from thence we are not far.

Phillis.

Approaching, she spies them.

Whereof Each one may be Discoverer.

Bellinda.

The company afar off seem distracted with wonder. Bellinda would run to her daughter, but is withheld by Adamas.

Oh my Shame! thus unto the world made known,
And in thy Disobedience onely shown.

Adamas.

Stop your rash Speed, you must approach no nye'r,
We must invent some Means them to retire.

Paris.

Betwixt my Wonder, Sorrow and my Love,
I strange Distractions in my self do prove.

Lycidas.

But see, me thinks i'th Fountain doth appear,
As if two other Persons yet there were,

Phill

Phillis.

By their Habits they ſhould your Brother be,
And *Sylvander.*

Lycidas.

VVould Heav'n I could him ſee!

Adamas.

How ſtrangly hath the Day forſook his Light,
Our ſcarce-born Noon is ev'n become our Night!
See, how contracted Clouds do maſk the Skie,
Almoſt forbidding their Diſcovery.

After thunder & lightning, a flaming Cupid, on a Porphir Pyramid, appears as 'twere in the mid'ſt of the fountain. They fall on their knees, after ſome interruſion the Oracle is deliver'd.

Oracle.

Let this your Wonder ceaſe,
Your Murmurs not increaſe
Againſt my Miracles:
Thoſe Corps convey away;
And next enſuing day,
Conſult my Oracles.

Cupid vaniſheth; they approach the fountain, and find the bodies as dead, and without blemiſh, Lions converted to marble.

Adamas.

Ha! they are unblemiſh't.

Lycidas.

And yet are dead.

Phillis.

Without a Bruiſe.

Paris.

Or any Bloud being ſhed.

Adamas.

Theſe Lions which ſo fearful did appear,
To coldeſt marble now converted are.

Bellinda.

Thy juſt Puniſhment, but my double wrong.

of Diana.

Lycidas.

Too soon I find, what I have sought too long.

Paris.

Oh my afflicted Soul!

Phillis.

Oh cruel death!

Adamas.

Heav'n hath you charg'd to cease your murm'ring (breath,

Hylas.

They carry forth the corps. See now the wise Effects of constant love,
Which in their ends such Tragedies still prove.

Scene 3. Act 5.

Leonice.

WHat I have often heard, now true I see;
The Wise are to themselves their Destiny.
The favourable Gods do still assist
Those that untir'd with Industry persist:
How long them unrelenting I assail'd
With Tears, Vows, Prayers, and yet herein fail'd
Of what my Subtilty hath brought to pass.
My Joy is doubled, I the Author was,
Who secretly, and in the dead of Night
This Desart did invade; what could affright
Being arm'd with Love, and my *Tyrsis* to find,
Whose Plaints became my Guides; till then ne'er kind,
Unseen at Distance following to his Cave,
Which when secures sleep had made his Grave,
I enter'd, him with fain'd Voice to awake,
Reciting oft *Tyrsis, Tyrsis*, then spake

These

Theſe hollow Accents, I the ſhadow am
Of her thou vainly loveſt, and now came
But to conjure thee to yield up my Right
To *Leonice*; ceaſe unto her thy Spight:
Heav'n wils it ſo, and *Cleon* it commands,
VVho ſhall delight in your united Bands.
VVhen ſtrait he it confirming with a Grone,
I vaniſhed, and left him there alone;
But leſt he ſhould believe it but Conceit
VVrought on his Fancy, again my Deceit
Attempts a ſecond Proof: But ſee th'effect,
VVhich in my Search his wandring ſteps direct;
Yet what with Craft I ſought, with Craft Ile ſhun,
Leſt I ſhould mar what is ſo well begun.

She retires on one ſide, Tyrſis enters.

Tyrſis.

Thou bleſſed Shadow, whom I yet adore,
Why do'ſt thou thus command me to reſtore
Thy Right unto Another? can it be
That thou art tyr'd with Importunity
Of Love? or do'ſt my Sighs and Tears diſdain,
As too mean Offrings, empty, fruitleſs, vaine?
Alas! though theſe effects oft fail, and die,
The cauſe endureth to Eternity:
My love which now an unknown Trial proves,
Since to deſtroy it ſelf thy Will it moves,
Tempt yet the ſame to poſſibility,
Inflict ſome yet unheard of Cruelty:
(If any yet is left, I did not trie)
And I ſhall count it Guilt thee to deny:
VVhich now is ſuch, thee even to obey,
Since thou command'ſt my Love, my Love betray.
Who ſhall diſpenſe thoſe holy Vows did tie
Our ſympathiſing Souls in Harmony?
Ev'n ſhe whoſe Power only did them frame,
Her Power only muſt diſſolve the ſame.

If but t'unloose my Love she did intend,
Why since hers could not, seeks she not my End?
Perhaps, when Souls cast off this Earth, delight
T'in infinite objects their loves to unite:
No Jealousie can touch their pure Essence,
Which only but the Object is of Sense:
All all possess in so equal degree,
Ev'n 'twixt themselves Distinction cannot be.
Why then defer I her to satisfie?

He discovers Leonice. Propitious Heav'n! see that Divinity,
VVho my Commander was, is now my Guide.

She seems to flie, he takes hold on her and kneels. *Leonice*! ev'n she that did us divide,
Is now become the means us to unite.
If for my Punishment your exchang'd Spite,
Then mine more just, have not o'rethrown your Love.

Leonice.

VVhat Miracle is this? you Gods above
Mock not our Frailty; if this *Tyrsis* be,
What I of him sought, why seeks he now of me?
Or is it but his shadow you have tane,
T'increase my Sorrow, and reproach my Shame?

Tyrsis.

'Tis that *Tyrsis*, who for *Cleons* Respect,
Did long so much thy injur'd Love neglect;
But be'ing by her discharged from my vow,
No other Object can my Love allow.
Then thy fair self; let no Reproach reveal

He kisses her hand. My Shame; on this true Penitence I seale.

Leonice.

This doth confirm that you are truly he;
But your intention yet I cannot see.

Tyrsis.

Tyrsis.

Ever to be yours, if my former Hate
My true Love and Remorse may expiate.

Leonice.

How shall either be known?

Tyrsis.

Heav'n's holy Bands
Shall both confirm, joyning both Hearts and Hands.

Scene. 4. Act. 5.

Stella, Hylas.

Stella.

YOur pleasant Humor you have left, I find;
If not to me, be to your self more kind:
Shake Dulness off; can his own Enemies Death
Thus droopingly stop merry *Hylas* breath?

Hylas.

It was from his my Harmony did spring,
And now is ended where it did begin;
Opposites support each other; one Wit
Begets Another, and subsists by It.
How, *Phillis!* doth that Countenance become
These Times? Or hath thy Inmate left his room?
In your Sex ne're Inhabitant was Sorrow,
For still 'tis here to day and gone to morrow.

Enter Phillis with a merry countenance smiling on Hylas.

Phillis.

Hylas! I'de persecute thee thus an Age,
And change thy wonted Mirth into a Rage,

Leonice and Tyrsis listen at distance to their discourse.

Could I my Joy within it self contain; (slain:
Know then, whom thou thought'st were, are now not

Hylas.

Hah!

Phillis.

Astrea, *Diana* thou shalt see,
VVith *Celadon* and *Sylvander* living be.

Hylas.

By what strange Miracle?

Phillis.

It seems the force
Of Magick Charms were here, not to divorce
The Soul and Body, as thought, but t'invade
The depriv'd Senses with Death's seeming shade,
A breathless Slumber, which now having end,
New life to us in their revivings send.

Hylas.

I do begin m' Heresie to forsake,
But such another will a Convert make.

Leonice.

Leonice and Tyrsis enter.

By such Another, such you Other see.
Phillis me pardon your Loves Jealousie.

Tyrsis.

And let the Innocent your Grace partake.

Phillis.

Ye both are such, if such I both can make.

Hylas.

I'm thunder-strucken! how, joyn quick and dead?
I will believe now any thing can be sed.

Leonice.

We did partake your Sorrows when t'us shown,

VVhich

Which by your Joy had death so soon as known.

Tyrsis.

To perfect which, let us them haste to see,

Phillis.

To that your eys may present witness be.

The whole troop of Shepherds enter in solemn manner, with great silence; which at distance making a stand, after a while Adamas *alone approacheth the Temple, and kneeleth: which done, all the rest do the like at that distance they were at.*

Adamas.

Ador'd Divinity, fair *Venus* son,
Who Agent art of all that e're begun,
Foe to Confusion; first of Heav'nly race;
As thou did'st *Chaos*, so vouchsafe thy Grace
Our amaz'd Doubts to order and enlight.
We come not Cur'osity to delight,
But thy prescribed Ord'nance to obey,
In consulting thy Oracle this day.
Pronounce thou God in favour of our Groves,
VVhat Destiny thou dost disign their loves.
Th' object of our Demands is to please thee;
Let our Content thy Answers Subject be.

A flaming Cupid appears in the mid'st of the fountain on a Porphir pedestal.

Oracle.

Since that faithful Lover requir'd,
Alexis, is to all expir'd,
Celadon receive thy happy Choice,
Astræa thee Heav'n doth present,
The price of thy long Discontent,
To which let none oppose his voice.

Celadon.

My humble thanks, just Love, for this thy Grace;
Thy Ordinances still I will imbrace

He wanteth and again kneels in Shepherds habit.

Above all Deities: To thee each day
I will freſh Tributes of Devotion pay;
In ſtead of Sighs and Tears, I will renew
The pureſt Flames thy Altar ever knew,
Which ſhall like Veſtal's fier never dye,
Repleniſh't ſtill by her Sun-ſtaining Eye;
And ſince thou haſt in Love giv'n me the Prize,
I will for ever be thy Sacrifice.

Adamas.

Celadon riſing, retires to the reſt of the compaſſy: all continue kneeling. Great God, propitious ſtill, once more diſcloſe,
How of *Sylvander* doth your Will diſpoſe.

Oracle.

Sylvander muſt no longer live.
To *Paris* I *Diana* give,
And *Adamas* my juſt Command
Bids that he die by thine own Hand.

Sylvander.

Cupid vanisheth. Sylvander haſtily runs and caſts himſelf on his knees before the Altar, while all the reſt riſe. Thou ireful God, who become envi'us art
Of my Fdelity; glut thee with a Heart
Inſhrines a Beauty would thee diſpoſſeſs
Of thy uſurped Pow'r, did'ſt not ſupreſs
By unjuſt Force her humble Devotairs,
Winding them thus in theſe thy cruel Snares;
Yet this I have to thank thee for, that I
He riſes. Shall have the Glory thus for her to die.

Diana.

You cruel Gods, mix Mercy with your Spight,
Both Lives and Loves ſee that you diſunite.

Paris.

My Soul doth grieve it cannot happy be
Without this his preceding Miſery.

Celadon.

My Joy's imperfect.

Lycidas.

Lycidas.

Alas poor Lover!
He hath try'd one Death, now must try 'nother.

Adamas.

The Gods more cruel are! who me to live
Do suffer yet, then that they Death thee give;
Yet must our Piety obey their Will.
Prepare you strait their Sentence to fulfill.

Sylvander.

He approacheth to Diana, kneels and kisses her hand still holding it.

First then to thee fair Author of this Strife,
Not to the Gods, I offer up my Life;
They it compell'd, but thou it willing hast,
With more Piety, since heav'n's in thee plac't.

Diana.

She faints, and is supported by her mother, Astrea, and Phillis.

I will precede thee in thy hasty Flight,
And vail my Soul in ever mournful Night.

Sylvander.

Let nought disturb your Joys, to all Adue,
Now in my bloud your zealous Sword imbrue.

Adamas.

An Officer stands ready with a basin, Sylvander kneels.

First to observe our wonted Ceremony,
With Victims bloud the Altar sprinkled see,
Truss up your Sleeve, and then extend your Arm.
That wel-known Mark my feeble Senses charm;
My Son! *Paris* my Son! Gods cannot lie,
For by my hand doth now *Sylvander* die:
Let Wonder cease; see, see, a Branch! see here,
Of that fresh Tree, we welcome the new Year!
This confirms thou art mine, whom Soldiers Rage
In unjust War made innocent Pillage:
Paris, but for thy sake, is *Paris* nam'd;
Thou art my Son, him only such I fram[illegible]

Here he stops, and after some amazement, falls on his neck; Sylvander still kneeling. He rises, shews the company his arm.

To

To salve my Sorrow with a false relief;
Still thou art such in Love; forsake thy Grief.
I will unite thy Alliance to my bloud.
Here Niece to thee.

Turns to Paris.

She pawses, while he gives Paris hand to her.

Leonida.

You must not be withstood.

Adamas.

With half my Wealth; nor is he of Stock mean,
As I suppose; I found him nigh yon Stream;
A child of equal Age and Fate to mine
Whom I had lost, and ev'n about that time.
About his neck did hang in Chain of gold
A rich Jewel did this Inscription fold,
Born of a Lion; Which he still doth wear
As to all Eys it plainly may appear.

They look on it. Belinda knowing it fals upon his neck.

Bellinda.

My son *Ergaste!* My too long lost Son!
Not of a Lion born, but of *Alion*.

Astraa.

Fie, *Diana* ! lift up thine Eys, see, see,
Sylvander shall again thine living be.

Diana.

Sighing awakes as out of a dream.

Why do you thus my dying soul distract.

Bellinda.

Taking Sylvander and joyning his hand with Diana's.

I will it cure with this welcome Contract.

Diana.

Sylvander presenting himself on his knees. is by Adamas separated. They kneel. Adamas takes him by the hand, & again leads him to the Altar, with a silent astonishment of all the troop, expecting some new trouble.

If yet I dream, then let me never wake,
Lest these unexpresst Joys I should forsake.

Sylvander.

They are Essential.

Adamas.

Yet a while forbear;

Once

Once more before the Gods you muſt appear.
You holy Pow'rs, doth this you ſatisfie,
That thus *Sylvander* doth in *Paris* die?
If not, although it ſeal'd be with mine own,
Paris with *Sylvander* ſhall be o'rethrown.

A ſtill kind of muſick is heard with great Reverence, and once more Cupid *appears in white; In either hand a Garland of Myrrh, which he caſteth to* Celadon *and* Sylvander, *at which he vaniſheth.*

Then is heard this Song.

SONG.

'TIs enough, Mortals, dry up your Tears;
The ſmiling God is ſatisfi'd,
Whoſe Cunning now may be deſcri'd,
Inciting ſo oft ſucceeding fears;
It was but to prepare your heightned Appetites
More eagerly to feaſt on plentiful Delights.

Each now a double Tribute exact,
Of your Flames, which ſo purely burn,
Since what ye take, ye do return,
Though extort, you juſtifie the Fact. (ſpoils,
Riſle thoſe uncoucht Treaſures then, make them your
A Harmony ſpringeth from Lovers civil broils.

At which many little Cupidons *appear joyning their Voices, and caſting Garlands of Myrrh to the whole Troop.*

Adamas.

Thus Heav'n and I you joyn.

Adamas takes Silvan. and gives him to Diana.

Hylas.

More wonders ſtill!
Which I mean with a greater to fulfill;

Hylas extends his hand to Stella.

Stella

Stella, thy hand; no longer Mistris now,
That Name Ile cancell with another vow.

The whole troop smile to see Hylas serious.

Phillis.

Myraculous!

Adamas.

Now *Celadon* approve
The fountains Force.

Celadon.

'Twere Injury to Love.

Adamas.

Astræa, your Command.

Astræa.

'Twere Jealousie
Of Both our loves, not suffer both to try.

Adamas.

Celadon first enters, they all follow.

A perfect Myrrour of each perfect Mind,
Which shall a Heav'n in their nigh Unions find,
By mine own Hands; But first your sports prepare
To greet our Princess, *Galatæa* fair;
I at my house do Her expect to Night;
Let each Invention spring a new Delight.

Scene 5. *Act* 5.

Lindamor, Galatæa, Silva, Ligdamon.

Lindamor.

WHat strange Disorder we in each part find!

Galatæa.

As if the world were forsook of Mankind.

Ligdamon.

With one Consent all from themselves are fled.

Lindamor.

Lindamor.

Nor hath the chasing of a Foe this bred,
Unless the feavor of distemp'red Broils
Hath made him to forget his better Spoils.

Silva.

The wandring flocks do stray without their Guides.

Lindamor.

Some Panick Terror thus their Fear derides.

Galatea.

Here's one will clear our Doubts; *Adamas*, why
Thus all hid, lost, or dead?

Adamas enters, kneels and kisses her hand.

Adamas.

Madam! that I
Must leave our Lovers to relate; But know,
Fair Princess, thus our Joys do overflow.

Galatea.

VVe have in part had thereof a Report,
VVhich is one Cause why hither we resort.

Adamas.

Madam, your Vassal still receives from you
Additions of Honor; One more endew
My zealous Duty, your Aventure show.

Galatea.

'Tis crowned in *Polemas* overthrow,
By this blest Hand, with which I come to tie,
In Hymens rights, our purest Amity.

Takes Lindamor by the hand.

Adamas.

My feeble Sense, like an o'refruitful Tree,
Threatens my Ruine, thus o'recharg'd to be.

Galatea.

But why us thus your Company bereft?

Adamas.

Adamas.

He turns behind him & shews the maskers who plac't in several postures as discoursing with their Mistrisses. The figure is a round mount incompassed with Sicamors, and in the mid'st is a greater, that o're spreads all the rest.

To render more agreeable my Theft,
See Madam.

Galatea.

Hah! a lovely spectacle!

Lindamor.

A fair Troop!

Ligdamon.

A smiling Miracle!

A Chorus *appearing (consisting of Shepherds) in order, at some distance one behind another, on either side of the Scene, by degrees approach to the frontispiece thereof, singing as followeth: Which ended, and they retir'd, the Shepherds descend and dance their Masque.*

SONG.

Cynthi'a give place
You glitt'ring spangles of the sable Night,
Hide now your face;
Mortals no more shall want your feeble Light;
Nor yet Presage of you require;
With your Infl'ence
We will dispense,
Cherish't by a heav'nlyer Fi're.

Chorus. No Cloud shall mask our serene Aire,
Unless the more pleas'd Senses to unite;
Nor whisp'ring Sigh murmur Despair,
Unless expir'd in Excess of Delight.

Each happy Mind
By Loves mysterious Unanimity,
Here Heav'n doth find,
Reflected from mut'al Divinity:
Which our mean Thoughts to that height rears;

As

As ravished
Our souls are led
Dancing to their harmonious Spheres.
No cloud shall, &c.

Chorus.

Adamas.

First, I restore what I bereft by Craft.

Takes Celadon by the hand and leads him to Galatea.

Galatea.

Celadon, Cupid hath exchang'd his Shaft;
But still I love thee, though with other Flames.

Adamas.

The like by Paris or Ergaste.

These my exchanged Sons have changed Names.

Galatea.

She courteously receives them; they kiss her hand.

Mysterious Joys!

Adamas.

My Niece doth humbly crave
Your Pardon and your Favour she may have.

She kisses her hand.

Galatea.

Receive it with my Grace, and thanks to all;
Such meeting Joys Mortals seldom befall.

Lindamor.

Now let us to the holy Temple haste,
Each may Loves long wisht fruitful Harvest taste.

Galatea.

Which shall with full Delight our Spirits move,
When each recites the Story of his Love.

Whereat the Chorus *of the Shepherds placed in their first stations, sing as followeth.*

Song. I.

YOur Extasie of Wonder cease,
Astonished Spectators, know,
True Judgement may Delight increase,
But blind Amazement it o'rethrow:

Though

Adamas.

He turns behind him & shews the maskers who plac't in several postures as discoursing with their Mistrisses. The figure is a round mount incompassed with Sicamors, and in the midst is a greater, that o'respreads all the rest.

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Cherish't by a heav'nlyer Fire.

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I.

Song. YOur Extasie of Wonder cease,
Astonished Spectators, know,
True Judgement may Delight increase,
But blind Amazement it o'rethrow:

Though

Though these fair Troops have charm'd
Your ravish't Sense,
So powerfully arm'd
With Excellence:
Yet we must truly tell
You, they are Humane; our Desire
Is not to make them yet divine,
That, then they are, would make them less;
And them of Glory dispossess,
Their Natures they excel.

Chorus. Your high rais'd Fancies wake from birthless Dreams
Here taste of Pleasures more essential Streams.
Haste, haste away, with them your Band unite;
So chang'd, not ended, shall be your Delight.

2.

Though their Appearance we translate,
Their suppos'd Natures they retain
Desiring to communicate
Their Graces in your Entertain;
Flie from your Orbs, fix here,
That you may lend
New motion to this Spheare,
Sprung from its end:
Here it redoubled shall
Not add to Time plumes, but to Love,
VVhose active Flames do higher move,
And purge their own Refulgency,
VVhen quickned by sweet Harmony,
Their food material.

Chorus. Your high rais'd fancies wake, &c.

Whereat the Theater is opened, and both Companies uniting themselves, spend the rest of the Night in their accustomed Dances.

FINIS.